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ART. I.—*Philosophical Essays; to which are subjoined, Copious Notes, Critical and Explanatory, and a Supplementary Narrative; with an Appendix.* By James Ogilvie. Philadelphia. 1816. 8vo. pp. 413.

ESSAY II.—On the Nature, Extent, and Limits of Human Knowledge, so far as it is founded on the Relation of Cause and Effect, and concerns Mind and Matter.—As it was also a part of Locke's design 'to inquire into the original, certainty, and extent of human knowledge,'* Mr. Ogilvie very naturally begins *his* inquiries by examining that philosopher's account of the sources from which is derived whatever we know of the intellectual, and of the material world. He seems not to be aware, however, that the most important part of his criticism was rendered superfluous by the labours of the later metaphysical writers; and that sensation and *consciousness*,—instead of sensation and *reflection*,—are now universally considered as the two appropriate words to express those feelings which we experience, by corporal impression, in the one case, and by intellectual energy, in the other. But the author before us goes further;—and in his eagerness to show the imprecision of Locke in drawing this single line of demarkation, he has himself overrun and trampled under foot almost all the other nice boundaries of philosophical language which have been pointed out,—not only by that metaphysician,—but by the most acute and discriminating of his successors. When he has once established the claims of consciousness to a part in the origination of our ideas, he is for assigning to it an office, which, in our opinion, is much beyond its capabilities,—the office, namely, of furnishing us with the knowledge, not only of all intellectual phenomena, but of whatever takes place in the material world. Now to us it is perfectly apparent, in the first place, that mere consciousness,—or mere sensation,—could never advance us

* Introduction to the *Essay on Human Understanding*. § 2.

very far in the philosophy either of mind, or of matter. There must be something besides the passive experience of those feelings which physical and intellectual phenomena are respectively calculated to produce. We may be sensible of outward impressions, and conscious of internal energies, without attempting to deduce a single conclusion respecting the peculiar subjects about which the mind is employed;—and it has accordingly been remarked by a countryman of Mr. Ogilvie's, that *observation* in the former case, and *reflection* in the latter, are the two analogous media through which we carry on our investigations into the phenomena of the material, and of the intellectual universe.* While we acknowledge the inaccuracy of Locke, therefore, in considering reflection as an original source of human knowledge, we must contend, on the other hand, that it has still a very important secondary function in prosecuting the philosophy of the mind. Our author himself seems, in one place, to admit about half of this proposition; but the admission is rendered nugatory by his defining reflection to be a 'concentration of consciousness,'—a definition which we consider as either altogether incomprehensible,—or as conveying a signification which at once destroys the boundaries of scientific phraseology.

But, in the second place, Mr. Ogilvie contrives to make consciousness supersede the office,—not only of reflection,—but of sensation also. Whenever the subject is introduced he almost invariably speaks of our consciousness of impressions from external matter; and indeed he makes it one of his formal principles, that 'our language and of course our ideas, as they regard the philosophy of the human mind, will be more precise, if we consider whatever is known or *knowable* (an awkward term, which our author uses a great deal too often) as proceeding from our consciousness, first, of impressions from external objects, and secondly, of the internal energies called into action by these impressions.'—To us it does most certainly appear, that there is very little 'precision' in all this:—and we confess we are somewhat at a loss to conceive how Mr. Ogilvie should think he contributed to the clearness of philosophical language, by confounding the terms, which mark the separation between the two great inlets of human knowledge. In the looseness of colloquial speech, it is true, we make use of the

* Stewart's *Philosophical Essays*, p. 66, Philadelphia edition. See, on the same subject, Reid's *First Essay on the Intellectual Powers*, chap. v. 'Reflection (says the latter philosopher) ought to be distinguished from consciousness, with which it is too often confounded, even by Mr. Locke. All men are conscious of the operations of their own minds, at all times, while they are awake; but there are few who reflect upon them, or make them objects of thought,' &c.

phrase—impression on the mind; but surely no philosopher has ever adopted such language, while professedly endeavouring to develop the mode in which mind converses with matter; and it is obvious, indeed, upon a moment's consideration, that all external objects can only be impressed upon the material organs of our bodies. It is quite indisputable, we apprehend, that the dominion of consciousness is merely coextensive with the boundaries of the human mind,—and that the only way in which it can be said to have any sort of connexion with outward existences, is by its cognizance of that intellectual faculty, which the impression of those existences upon our corporeal organs is calculated to bring into action. In few words, we are *sensible* of impressions, and *conscious* of sensation.*

But consciousness, in Mr. Ogilvie's system of mental philosophy, is even something more than the faculty by which we acquire all our knowledge both of physical and of intellectual phenomena:—it is, under various shapes, the very sum and essence of that knowledge. He almost uniformly takes the pains to use the phrase '*modifications* of consciousness' as synonymous with the '*subjects* of consciousness;' evidently implying, according to the received signification of the words, that all the knowledge we have of the phenomena which come within our cognizance, is merely a peculiar state or condition of that feeling which the presence of those phenomena are the occasions of producing:—and as he had before told us, that the feeling in question was produced by external, as well as by internal, phenomena, it follows that, agreeably to his own doctrine, whatever we know either about mind, or about matter is—not a knowledge of actual existences—but simply a modification of the faculty which is conversant with those existences. To state the proposition in fewer words,—there is no such thing as a subject of consciousness, independently of consciousness itself. Under a little mutation, this doctrine is nothing less than the scepticism of Hume;—the word consciousness being used by the author before us in so enlarged a signification as to embrace, not only all the terms by which philosophers distinguish the feeling excited by our intellectual operations,—but those also which have been customarily used to denominate the effects of material impression. Whether Mr. Ogilvie was aware that his language involved this conclusion, we are hardly able to determine. We should be very sorry to extort a meaning from the language

* We suppose our author has been led astray by following too implicitly the example of Hume's '*freedom*' in the employment of language. See the Inquiry concerning Human Understanding, Sec. II. See also Reid's Essay I. on the Intellectual Powers, chap. v.; Essay VI. chap. v.; *et passim*.

of any writer; and we readily acknowledge, that the forms of expression in the Essay under consideration, are not absolutely uniform. We shall have occasion to show, however, that in other instances our author has adopted more extensively than perhaps any other philosophical essayist, the metaphysical doctrines of what he calls the 'arch-sceptic;' and we have often been inclined to believe that, in this case also, he has retained the principles, while he has discarded the language, of those speculations concerning independent existences, which have so much contributed to the celebrity of Hume. The phraseology of our author is in general so vague and indeterminate, that we are obliged to collate all the parts of his Essay, before we can be assured of having understood him aright. The fact is to be attributed, in a great measure, we suppose, to the extreme haste and consequent inattention with which Mr. Ogilvie has chosen to put his observations together. The composition of philosophical essays should never be considered as a transient business;—and the writer who thinks of acquiring 'extensive and permanent celebrity' must do something more than merely to suspend, for a short time, an itinerant occupation,—throw together the crude materials of a book,—send them to press as he goes along,—and then resume his wonted orbit as if he had suffered no retardation. A book is not to be *dropped* in this way.

But there are propositions, of which the occurrence is so frequent as to render misapprehension almost impossible. Of this sort is the principle laid down in our author's definition of human knowledge. It 'is (says he, and we are assured that it is said 'neither lightly, nor rashly') the arrangement of the various subjects or modifications of consciousness, in the order of cause and effect: Or a coincidence betwixt the order, in which the various subjects and modifications of consciousness, is (are) concatenated in the mind, and that in which the corresponding phenomena, are connected according to the relation of cause and effect.' He has subjoined another definition of the same import,—but differing a little in the forms of expression. He was anxious to prevent misconception; for the principle here inculcated lies at the very foundation, and is ramified through the whole superstructure, of the Essay. We think, however, that the language we have already quoted is sufficiently explicit;—and we may repeat in a few words that, according to Mr. Ogilvie, our knowledge is nothing more than the right arrangement of ideas according to the order of cause and effect. We dissent from the definition altogether. It does not, in our opinion, comprehend at all the notion which is commonly affixed to the term; and it would be difficult, at first sight, to conceive how our author should define knowledge itself, to consist merely in

a certain arrangement of what we know. Surely it is a very common persuasion, that,—*rerum cognoscere causas*,—to have cognisance of causes, is the true definition of the word under consideration; and that the arrangement of our cognisance is, if not a matter of course,—at least a very subordinate part of the mental operation. The great object of science is to discover the true causes of phenomena; and when we have once a clear perception of the thing which produces, and of the thing produced, we are in no more danger of arranging the effect before the cause, than of tackling the vehicle antecedent to the team.

These strictures will be corroborated by examining our author's definition of error. It 'implies (says he) the presence or existence of certain impressions or ideas in the mind, but essentially consists in their arrangement or combination, in a manner that varies from the order of cause and effect.' The whole of this hypothesis proceeds upon the obviously false supposition, that all the true causes of things are known,—and that error essentially consists in mistaking effects for causes, or in believing that to be antecedent which is only collateral. Now we must repeat, that when the real causes of phenomena have been once ascertained, no person in a state of sanity is liable to arrange them consecutively, or even collaterally, to their appropriate effects:—and we apprehend that error, if faithfully defined, will be found to 'consist essentially' in attempting to account for phenomena by the supposition of false and theoretical causes. Nothing is more gratifying than to be enabled to give a reason for whatever we see taking place; and when we are prevented either by indolence or by a want of means, from investigating phenomena in the way of experiment and of observation, we put our curiosity at rest by the substitution of some plausible hypothesis. It is to this propensity of knowing the reason of things that we must trace all the erroneous and extravagant theories, which have successively amused the votaries of physical, and of intellectual science. Descartes entertained us for a time with his aerial whirlpools, to account for planetary revolutions:—Plato was sure, that, in the reception of its ideas, the mind resembles a dark cave, into which, by means of certain chinks, the images of external objects are admitted; and Locke had little doubt that it was analogous to a dark closet, into which the resemblances of outward existences were admitted through loop-holes;—'would the pictures coming into such a dark room but stay there, and lie so orderly as to be found upon occasion.'* The construction of such theories as these, is the

* On Human Understanding, B. II. c. 11. § 17.

legitimate business of error;—and the obstinacy with which we persist in having our own way with phenomena, and in rejecting the true explication of whatever we are attempting to develop, (pp. 40, 41,) is only the result of that general principle of our constitution, which leads us to form an indissoluble attachment to the offspring we have been at the pains of generating and of cherishing. Mr. Ogilvie's digressive allegory on this subject is sufficiently discriminating; but it has no connexion at all with his preceding definitions.

We shall now proceed to detail our reasons for the belief which we have once or twice hinted,—that the author before us has mistaken the scope and aim of Hume's Essay 'concerning Human Understanding.' His mistake is the common one of supposing, that the reasonings of that philosopher were intended to have application in the concerns and pursuits of real life;—a supposition which Hume himself endeavoured to prevent in the Section on the different Species of Philosophy, and which is, moreover, at direct variance with the uniform and explicit language of his subsequent speculations.* In the Section alluded to he enters into a formal division of moral philosophy into two kinds,—the active and the speculative; the former of which considers man as an agent, influenced in his conduct by taste and sentiment,—while the latter views him rather in the light of a reasonable, than of an active, being,—and endeavours, by a narrow scrutiny of human nature, to develop those laws 'which regulate our understanding, excite our sentiments, and make us approve or blame any particular object, action, or behaviour.' The *active* philosophy is carried

* Even Reid seems to have fallen into the error here alluded to. See particularly Essay II. chap. xx. on the Intellectual Powers. 'The statesman continues to plod,' &c. See also Essay VI. chap. iv.; where, in our opinion, there is an argument against Hume's philosophy, which proves somewhat too much. Dr. Reid first quotes the passage of the sceptic, in which he acknowledges, that 'Nature cures him of his philosophical delirium,' and then subjoins, a little satirically, 'what pity is it, that nature, (whatever is meant by that personage), so kind in curing this delirium, should be so cruel as to cause it. Doth the same fountain send forth sweet water and bitter? Is it not more probable, that if the cure was the work of nature, the disease came from another hand, and was the work of the philosopher?' Now, we have, on every hand, a great many instances in which nature both causes and cures diseases. To adduce an obvious one—water is so deleterious when suffered to stagnate, that the absolute quiescence of the whole ocean, for any length of time, would probably depopulate the globe; and accordingly it is prevented from becoming stagnant both by saline impregnation and by constant agitation. Here the poison and the antidote are both administered by the hand of the same 'personage;' and yet we suspect that Dr. Reid would hardly venture to be ironical on the subject.

along with us at every step of life; while the *speculative* is never meddled with, except in the anticipated death of academic seclusion. It is the latter alone which Hume professedly considers in his Inquiry concerning the human mind:—and the pains which he has taken to impress the reader with the assurance, that all his philosophy is merely speculative, might, one would think, have secured him against those prejudicial imputations with which his memory has been so much overloaded. This ‘philosophy (says he) being founded on a turn of mind, which cannot enter into business and action, vanishes when the philosopher leaves the shade, and comes into open day; nor can its principles easily retain any influence over our conduct and behaviour.’ Farther on in the Inquiry he tells us again,—after some sceptical arguments on the subject of cause and effect,—that ‘though none but a fool or a madman will ever pretend to dispute the authority of experience, or to reject that great guide of human life; it may surely be allowed a philosopher to have so much curiosity at least, as to examine the principle of human nature which gives this mighty authority to experience.’ A similar caution occurs in the very next Section.* ‘Nor need we fear (says he) that our endeavours to limit our inquiries to common life, should ever undermine the reasonings of common life, and carry doubts so far as to destroy all action, as well as speculation. Nature will always maintain her rights, and prevail in the end over any abstract reasoning whatsoever.’ We have often heard it urged as a triumphant refutation of this philosophy,—that Hume himself, its great author and professor, conducted in ordinary life exactly as the veriest plebeian, who never dreamed of philosophical speculation. ‘My practice, you say, (anticipates the ‘Sceptical Doubter’) refutes my doubts. But you mistake the purport of my question. As an agent, I am quite satisfied in the point; but as a philosopher, who has some share of curiosity, I will not say scepticism, I want to learn the foundation of this inference.’ Again he assures us that ‘the feelings of our sentiments (we do not answer for the accuracy of this expression), the agitations of our passions, the vehemence of our affections, dissipate all the conclusions of speculative philosophy, and reduce the profound philosopher to a mere plebeian.’ And he has summed up the whole in the energetic sentence,—‘Be a philosopher; but, with all your philosophy, be still a man.’

* Sceptical Solution of Sceptical Doubts.

We have been induced to protract these quotations,* because we believe there is no mistake more extensive than that of supposing, that Hume's philosophy was intended to influence the actions of man,—and because no writer, so far as we can recollect, has taken pains to prove, at any length, how completely such a supposition is discountenanced by the explicit phraseology of that philosopher himself. The whole of the Essay under consideration is vitiated by the same mistake; and we may judge how extensive must be its prevalence, when we observe it embraced by such a man as Mr. Ogilvie. Nothing, in fact, more thoroughly establishes the complete practical inutility of Hume's speculation concerning causes, than the attempt of our author to make it the basis of conclusions in the active philosophy of real life. Cause and effect, according to that philosopher, is nothing more than an invariable conjunction of two objects or events; and all we know about the relation between them is, that, upon the presentation of the one, our mind irresistibly infers the appearance of the other. Now mere conjunction does not involve any particular arrangement; and accordingly it is inferable from the doctrine we have just stated, that a cause does not necessarily antecede its effect. All the necessity there can be in the case is, that, either antecedently, or collaterally, or consecutively, one object or event, to which we give the name of *cause*,—should be infallibly conjoined, both in place and in time, with another object or event, to which we apply the term *effect*. We have already thrown out a hint or two respecting the absurdity of such a doctrine; and we only wish in this place to subjoin, that it has evidently given rise to Mr. Ogilvie's definition of human knowledge. If we grant the accuracy of Hume's speculation, it will necessarily follow, that all definitions of that term must include the circumstance of what our author calls *arrangement*; and the only objection which we should then have to urge against the definition which he has given would be, that,—instead of embracing the ascertainment of real causes, which, in our opinion, is the very essence of human knowledge,—it proceeds upon the supposition, that all the causes are already ascertained, and considers the word as having relation merely to the proper arrangement of those causes. Even in speculation, therefore, we think Mr. Ogilvie has not given the true meaning of human knowledge.—But what we most object to is, that he should

* We have not by any means transcribed all the passages in which Hume takes the pains to assure us, that his philosophy has nothing to do with active life. See particularly the latter paragraphs in Part II. of the Section on the Academical or Sceptical Philosophy.

make his own definition the very *beam* on which he hangs a chain of consequences relative to the real business of active life. His master never intended to have his philosophy so applied; and we venture to affirm, that utter discomfiture will attend every attempt to establish such an application.

But we should be greatly disinclined to believe 'in the shade' what we knew could have no reality 'in open day': and we shall, accordingly, proceed to examine very briefly whether, even in speculation, the Academical or Sceptical Philosophy can be supported by valid reasoning. The great argument against the received doctrine concerning causation is, that, as all we are capable of perceiving consists in the uniform accompaniment or conjunction of two objects, which we customarily denominate cause and effect, we have no philosophical right to conclude, that the one takes place in consequence of any indissoluble or necessary connexion with that which accompanies, or is conjoined to it. We are totally incapable of perceiving the peculiar efficiency, or *ἐνέργεια* of the antecedent object, which operates to the necessary production of the subsequent event; and the only legitimate conclusion is, therefore, that the former can be nothing more than the 'occasion' upon which the latter makes its appearance. Throughout his *Inquiry concerning Human Understanding*, Hume is constantly calling upon us to exhibit the 'tie' which binds one event to another, in the way of cause and effect;—and because we are unable to produce some connecting principle as visible and as tangible as a tow-string, he triumphantly infers, that no such connexion should be believed to exist. The obvious objection to such a doctrine is, that it proves a great deal too much;—for if, indeed, our incapacity to perceive, or to conceive, a particular thing, is a conclusive argument against its existence, we shall find ourselves obliged to prune away a great many of the most important parts both of physical and of moral science. There are some ideas which, on account of their magnitude,—and there are others which, in consequence of their minuteness,—the mind finds itself utterly inadequate to embrace or to get hold of; and yet we reason about such ideas with as much confidence, as if they could be comprehended with the utmost ease and clearness. Thus, though it is utterly impossible to have an adequate idea of a point, or of an infinite line, we nevertheless employ both these ideas in a great variety of mathematical reasonings.—There are also a great multitude of external phenomena which exceed, on both sides, the limits of our perceptive powers. Motion, for example, is often too tardy, and as often too rapid, for the cognizance of sensation. We can perceive neither the advancement of a dial-pointer, nor the circumvolution of a top;

and yet nothing would be more repugnant to our reason than the inference, that both were absolutely stationary. Instances of this sort might be indefinitely multiplied;—but enough has been said, we apprehend, to convince our readers, that the mere incapability to perceive an object, or an event, is not, of itself, a conclusive argument against the existence of that object or event.

After proving to his own satisfaction, that no connexion subsists between any two objects, Hume undertakes to explain our meaning when we make use of the phraseology in which the common belief on the subject is always expressed. According to his explanation, 'there is nothing further in the case' than an association of ideas,—insomuch that after the repeated conjunction of two objects, or events, the idea excited by the appearance of the one comes at last to be so indissolubly united to that which is produced by the appearance of the other, that the former never enters the understanding without bringing the latter along with it.* 'When we say, therefore, that one object is connected with another, we mean only, that they have acquired a connexion in our thoughts, and give rise to this inference (of the effect from the cause,) by which they become proofs of each other's existence.†' Again, he says a little farther on, 'had not objects a regular conjunction with each other, we should never have entertained any notion of cause and effect; and this regular conjunction produces that inference, which is the only connexion that we can have any comprehension of.‡' Now we apprehend that the same reasoning which our sceptic employs against the belief of a connexion between objects, is equally cogent against the hypothesis of a connexion between ideas. Indeed we think it is more so;—for if we can have no 'comprehension of' any thing like a visible or tangible connexion between things which are themselves both visible and tangible,—how much less can we have a 'comprehension of' such a connecting principle between things which are themselves neither visible nor tangible! We think those sorry philosophers whom the sifting humour' and 'inquisitive disposition' of Hume has been 'pushing from one corner into another,' have here a fair opportunity of turning upon their persecutor,—and of invoking him either to abandon *his* philosophy, or to exhibit the 'tie' of connexion which binds together any two associated ideas.

* The doctrine is every where inculcated in such expressions as the following:—'We have already observed (Sec. V. Part II.) that nature has established connexions among particular ideas, and that no sooner one idea occurs to our thoughts, than it introduces its correlative,' &c.

† Hume's *Essays*, Vol. II. p. 87, of the London edition, duodecimo, 1765.

‡ Id. *ibid.* p. 107.

Nor is this the only 'corner' of absurdity into which they might 'push' Mr. Hume. It follows as an obvious consequence of his principles, that all our casual and incongruous associations are so many instances of cause and effect,*—or, in the words of the doctrine itself, whenever any particular object or event excites an idea in the mind, which in its train introduces the idea of any other object or event, the first object or event is to be considered as the cause of the second. Nothing is a more common subject of remark, than the inexplicable capriciousness of association; and if the mere conjunction of two ideas is all the connexion we can 'comprehend' between cause and effect, there is hardly any absurdity or contradiction which may not be proved to form a part of the regular course of nature. Indeed Hume himself has so logically adhered to his doctrine as to be betrayed into manifest absurdities. Thus in his argument against the existence of miracles, he speaks of the conjunction between an event and a report, as a legitimate example of cause and effect. 'As the evidence derived from human testimony (says he, p. 126) is founded on past experience, so it varies with the experience, and is regarded either as a proof or a probability, according as the *conjunction between any particular kind of report and any kind of objects*, has been found to be constant or variable.' Now though our philosopher seems here to be himself a little diffident of his own principles,—taking occasion to remark that 'this species of reasoning, *perhaps*, one may deny to be founded on the relation of cause and effect,' and subjoining that 'he shall not dispute about a word,'—we think a due regard to self-consistency must oblige him to acknowledge, that the conjunction abovementioned is precisely conformable to his own definition of cause and effect. Yet what can appear more absurd than to place the report of an event among the legitimate and necessary effects of its existence!

There are other absurd conclusions involved in this account of cause and effect; but we cannot make room for their specification here;—and indeed the way to confute Hume, is not that of demonstrating his absurdity. He has all the advantage of his antagonist; for the more you push him into uncertainty, by adventuring beyond the limits of human understanding, the greater will be the triumph of his academical or sceptical philosophy. He is sure to sing *Te Deum* after every defeat; or, in his own words, 'he will be the first to join the laugh against himself' when you have driven him into 'some dangerous dilemma.' In fact the very essence of scepticism seems

* See Inquiry, Sec. III.; where Hume himself resolves association into the three principles of *contiguity*, *causation*, and *resemblance*.

to consist in drawing us over the boundaries of the human mind, and then taking occasion to deduce a sweeping conclusion of general ignorance;—in first alluring us beyond our depth, and then laughing at us because we are incapable of touching the bottom. Thus, because our faculties are inadequate to the conception of that peculiar principle which causes bodies to cohere with one another, or to gravitate towards the centre of the earth, our sceptic concludes with the reflection, that ‘the most perfect philosophy of the natural kind only staves off our ignorance a little longer: as perhaps the most perfect philosophy of the moral or metaphysical kind serves only to discover larger portions of our ignorance.’ And ‘thus (continues he) the observation of human blindness and weakness is the result of all philosophy, and meets us, at every turn, in spite of our endeavours to elude it.’ Similar reflections occur in every part of his *Essays on Human Understanding*. He asks, ‘what is the nature of all our reasonings concerning matter of fact?’ And when it is answered, that they are founded on the relation of cause and effect,—he inquires again, ‘what is the foundation of all our reasonings and conclusions concerning that relation?’ ‘Experience,’ is the answer:—but then, says he, ‘what is the foundation of all conclusions from experience?’ And when he has thus persecuted us till we have transgressed our intellectual limits, he tells with a ‘knowing’ air of triumph, that we had ‘better make a merit of our ignorance’ by frankly confessing it at once.

The truth is, that no science could stand the test of Hume’s ‘sifting humour;’ for all our reasonings must necessarily proceed from some principles for which we can give no reason,—otherwise they could have neither beginning nor end; and the attempt, therefore, to push our inquiries into the nature of those principles, is at once to break up the very foundations of human knowledge.* There is not a proposition in the whole field

* ‘There are in every science (says D’Alembert) certain principles, true or supposed, which we lay hold of by a species of instinct; to which we must abandon ourselves without resistance: otherwise it would be necessary to admit in our principles a progress ad infinitum,—which would be equally absurd as a progress ad infinitum in actual causes and existences,—and which would render every thing uncertain,—without some fixed point beyond which we cannot proceed.’ Hume himself makes a similar remark. When his ‘pushing’ system has brought him to a conclusion, that all our inferences from experience must be founded in habit; ‘perhaps (says he) we can push our inquiries no farther; but must rest contented with it as an ultimate principle.’ The spirit of his philosophy *should* have carried him farther; and some votary of scepticism more ‘inquisitive’ than himself might drive him from this ‘corner,’ and follow him up, from dilemma to dilemma, in his own two-handed way,—nunc *dextrâ ingeminans ictus, nunc ille sinistrâ.*

of mathematics, that does not proceed upon postulata for which we can give no proof, except that of their self-evidence; and if, therefore, we must acknowledge our 'ignorance' because we are unable to tell what those postulata are founded upon, the clearest and most perfect of sciences is reduced to one confused mass of chaotic uncertainty. But surely no conclusion appears more unphilosophical than, that we know nothing, because we are not omniscient,—or that we have no power at all, because we are not omnipotent.* Human understanding may certainly be comprehensive, without being boundless; and the mere fact that it has some limits is not equivalent to its having no extent.

We are now prepared to say a word or two, by way of positive argument, in favour of the common notion relative to cause and effect. According to Hume's doctrine, every effect is so 'distinct and arbitrary' an event, that it cannot be concluded to have been connected with any antecedent event—inasmuch as our idea of conjunction,—the term which he almost invariably employs to express the relation under view,—includes nothing more than a juxtaposition in time and in place. If, however, we scrutinize the subject more narrowly, and mark the circumstances which attend any given instance of cause and effect, we shall, if we mistake not, observe such a mutual change both in the antecedent, and in the consecutive, event, as impresses on the mind an inference of connexion, with a cogency of evidence which it is absolutely incapable of resisting. To adopt an example which is employed by Hume on all occasions; when one billiard-ball is impelled against another, it is demonstrable, that the second gains exactly as much motion as the other loses. Now human understanding is not able to resist the conclusion, that, between these two balls, there was some connecting principle,—some conductor,—or some sort of medium, call it what you will,—by which a certain quantity of motion has been transferred from the one to the other. Whether it be a subtile fluid, like electricity,—or whether there be a species of volition in one or in both of the balls,—we can never be able to determine; but that, in some way or other, these two objects have contrived to pass a given ratable quantity of motion from one to the other, is as conclusively evident as that they have each a separate and independent existence. Between all causes and effects the circumstances indicative of a connexion are not so unequivocal as those between the im-

* 'No conclusions can be more agreeable to scepticism, than such as make discoveries concerning the weakness and narrow limits of human knowledge.' *Of the Idea of Necessary Connexion*, Part II.

pulse of the one ball, and the motion of the second; but in almost every instance of the same sort, there are diagnostics sufficiently apparent to convince the mind, that the first event was absolutely necessary to the production of the other.*

But the ascertainment of this connexion is, in all cases, greatly subsequent to our belief of its existence: and it becomes, therefore, another part of Hume's 'inquisitive' philosophy, to discover that principle of our nature which leads us to believe, that certain objects and events are somehow endowed with inherent efficiency to produce certain other objects and events. This question is totally different from that which we have just done examining; though the author before us very strangely confounds the two, in the statement he gives of Hume's conclusions on the subject. 'We are indebted (says he, p. 43.) to the sagacity of that philosopher, for the first satisfactory elucidation of the all-important fact, that our knowledge of cause and effect does and can embrace nothing more, than a perception and *belief*, of the uniform *antecedence* of one event, and *sequence* of another.† Now, it is a plain matter of fact, that the existence of our belief in a necessary connexion is never once called in question throughout the Inquiry; and that the great object of the 'arch-sceptic' was to ascertain, whether human reason had any part in the formation of such a belief. His great principle is,—that 'in all reasonings from experience there is a step taken by the mind (namely, the conclusion that an object which has, in time past, been followed by a particular event, will also, in time to come, be followed by a like event) which is not supported by any argument or process of the understanding;' and in the language of Locke's philosophy, he calls for the 'medium, the interposing ideas,‡ which join propositions so very wide of each other?' He takes great pains to establish the thesis,—that there is a vast difference be-

* The language even of Hume himself is sometimes quite as strong as this. One of his definitions of cause is,—'where if the first object had not been, the second never had existed.' p. 88, Inquiry. And again 'tis universally allowed, (says he) that matter, in all its operations, is actuated by a *necessary* force, and that every natural effect is so precisely determined by the energy of its cause, that no other effect, in such particular circumstances, could possibly have resulted from the operation of that cause.' Inq. p. 93. This seems to be admitting,—if not a necessary *connexion*,—at least a necessary *conjunction*: and 'provided we agree about the thing (p. 58) 'tis needless to dispute about the terms.'

† It is very seldom that Hume employs the words *antecedence* and *consequence*. The term *conjoin*, in all its variations, is his usual expression of the idea we have of cause and effect.

‡ See Duncan's Logic, b. iii. chap. i. sec. 1. Remote Relations Discovered by Means of Intermediate Ideas.

tween our belief of past effects from certain causes, and our anticipation of similar effects from similar causes. 'From a body of like colour and consistence with bread, (says he, p. 46.) we look for like nourishment and support. But this surely is a step or progress of the mind, which wants to be explained. When a man says, 'I have found, in all past instances, such sensible qualities conjoined with such secret powers:' And when he says, 'Similar sensible qualities will always be conjoined with similar secret powers;' he is not guilty of a tautology; nor are these propositions in any respect the same.' Now, for our own parts, we cannot perceive the 'wide' difference here attempted to be shown; and we are inclined to think that—so far from being in 'no respect the same'—the two propositions of Mr. Hume would be completely 'tautologous' in the languages of those nations, who have no idea of distributions into moods and tenses. Such languages do exist. The Nootkian is an example: and whenever the members of that tribe express themselves, either in their own or in any other tongue, they uniformly reduce all voices to the active—all moods to the indicative—and all tenses to the present. Of this fact our readers will find abundant proofs in Jewitt's Narrative of a Three Years' Residence among that Tribe. When Maquina, for example, told the Armourer that his life should be spared upon the condition of his swearing to be a slave for life,—'John I speak—You no say, No: You say, No—daggers come;'*—he involved the indicative and the subjunctive moods, as well as the present and the future tense;—and yet it is all crowded into one mood and one tense. Perhaps we could not have adduced a better example to prove that the mind, in the case supposed, does not take so 'wide' a 'step' as Hume would represent; inasmuch as human understanding, it appears to us, could not so easily pass from one of his propositions to the other, unless they were in many 'respects the same.'

But it is confessed, at the same time, that they are not exactly identical; and we think it may also be conceded to Hume, that the mind here takes a step, for which a philosopher might reasonably demand an explanation. 'If the mind be not engaged by argument to make this step, it must be induced by some other principle of equal weight and authority. What that principle is, may well be worth the pains of inquiry.†' Now, we apprehend, that every step of the mind from one proposition to another, is an act of inference,‡ or reasoning,

* Page 30. † Sceptical Solution of Sceptical Doubts, Part II.

‡ Hume himself almost uniformly uses this very word to denominate the intellectual operation in question. See the Inquiry, pp. 52, 53, *et passim*. Conclusion is another word which he often uses for the same purpose. We

and that the 'principle' here alluded to must, when discovered, be considered as that intermediate idea 'which join the propositions' mentioned in our last paragraph.—We think, too, in the first place, that the principle in question is not experience. 'Experience (says Hume, Sec. IV. Pt. II. and we suppose no one will object to the definition), can be allowed to give *direct* and *certain* information only of those precise objects, and that precise period of time, which fell under its cognizance.' But we have nearly as much confidence in anticipation, as in memory; and it behoves us to inquire, therefore, by what peculiarity of the human constitution we are led to apply past experience to future phenomena? The Sceptical Doubter resolves the question by supposing, that the reiterated conjunction of two events, in the way of cause and effect, imparts to the mind a *custom* or *habit* of expecting the one, upon the appearance of the other. This supposition, again, is founded upon another supposition,—that the mind could not, from one instance only of the conjunction of two events, be led to anticipate the second on the future appearance of the first. 'No man (says Hume) having seen only one body move after being impelled by another, could infer, that every body will move after a like impulse. 'Tis only after a long course of uniform experiments in any kind, that we attain a firm reliance and security with regard to a particular event.' And he accordingly asks for 'the sake of information,' why the mind cannot draw, from one instance, a conclusion which is thus drawn from a hundred instances, that are acknowledged to be precisely similar to that one? Now the misfortune was, that our sceptical inquirer here laboured under a false conception of the fact. No part of our constitution is more the subject of common remark, than the propensity of the mind to consider even casual conjunctions as examples of cause and effect,—and to look for the future sequence of any particular event, which in only a single past instance, we have observed to succeed another particular event. The author before us has

suppose Locke, and perhaps Reid, would call this mental step by the name of *judgment*. And yet the latter defines reasoning to be the 'power (we should call it the *act*) of inferring, or drawing a conclusion.'—Essay VII. on the Intellectual Powers, cap. 1.—We are inclined to think that, strictly speaking, there is no formal inference in the case; and that, in the language of the last mentioned philosopher, our 'understanding' here takes a step without the intermediation of its 'crutch:' but since Hume represents the mind as going, in the way of inference, from the past to the future,—which, according to all just lexicography, is but a definition of reasoning,—and since we pretend to do little else than to combat the sceptic on his own ground, we shall take it for granted that, by some medium or other, the mind actually draws a conclusion, when we expect similar effects from similar causes.

occasion to make the same remark, p. 48; and indeed, it is, as he says, so 'notorious' a truth, that we can hardly conceive how it should have escaped the sagacity of Hume. The supposition of *custom*, therefore, is inadequate to account for the phenomenon; for custom depends, of course, upon the repetition of similar instances.* We must have recourse, then, to some more comprehensive principle; and, for our own parts, we can see none which satisfies us so well as that which was first propounded, in a formal way, by Turgot; afterwards alleged by Reid; and subsequently illustrated and insisted upon more fully, by his disciple, Mr. Stewart;—the principle, namely, that, in all our reasonings about contingent truth, we rely implicitly upon the continuance and stability of the laws of nature. We may add, that, besides the quotation in our last note, even Hume himself has frequent occasion to observe the reliance here alluded to,—though he nowhere seems to consider it as an ultimate general principle of intellectual philosophy. 'Every part of mixed mathematics (says he, *Sceptical Doubts*, Part I.) goes upon the supposition, that certain laws are established by nature in her operation.'—'All our experimental conclusions (he observes again, Part II.) proceed upon the supposition, that the future will be conformable to the past.'—'All inferences from experience (id. *ibid.*) suppose, as their foundation, that the future will resemble the past.'—These, and several other similar passages, which might be adduced, are sufficient to show us, that the author had now and then a glimpse of what we consider as the true 'foundation' of all our reasoning about contingent truth:—And it is something in confirmation of the doctrine we have espoused, that the language here transcribed is almost identical with that which Mr. Stewart employs when treating of the same subject.†

* Even Hume is, in one place, obliged to distort the meaning of the word *habit*, in order to warp his theory to fact. See *Inquiry*, sec. ix. 'When we have lived any time, (says he) and have been accustomed to the uniformity of nature, we acquire a *general habit*, by which we always transfer the known to the unknown, and conceive the latter to resemble the former. By means of this general habitual *principle*, we regard even *one* experiment as the foundation of reasoning.' No proposition is certainly more unquestionable, than that habit is the result of repetition, and is confined to those precise objects with which that repetition is conversant; nor any thing appear to us more inconceivable than this doctrine concerning a '*general habit*.' When he calls it a '*principle*' we agree with him; and have only then to accuse his self-contradiction, and to retract what we said in the text about the failure of his sagacity. See p. 47. of the *Essay* under consideration, where our author adopts the language of Hume again.

† See *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, Vol. II. (Boston edition,) pp. 37, 38, 39, *et seq.* And also our Number for January, 1815, pp. 47–8–9.

We are now prepared to state the qualifications with which we use the phrase—*necessary connexion*. And, in the first place, we must not be understood to mean, that there exists, in any cause, an independent, essential, and indestructible energy or efficiency by which it must, from all eternity, have been fitted to produce its appropriate effect. All we mean is,—that so long as the order and laws of nature are suffered to remain unaltered, the same or similar causes must and will produce the same or similar effects;—and we apprehend that this is the only sense in which the word *necessity* can be at all applicable to the phenomena of the physical universe. We are aware that the term is open on all sides to the cavil of superficial criticism; and we have, therefore, endeavoured to prevent any such treatment, by explaining as well as we could, the signification in which we have intended to use it.

We are now prepared, also, to make a remark or two upon the manner in which Priestley, and our author after him, have contrived to find, fault with Reid for having applied the word *instinctive* to the abovementioned reliance upon the permanency of nature's laws. Mr. Ogilvie does not appear to have perused the apology which Mr. Stewart has made for this slight violation of vernacular purity;* and we shall, therefore, repeat, after the last mentioned writer, 'that in applying this term to characterize certain judgments of the mind,—although it is not employed with unexceptionable propriety,—its employment is by no means a departure from the practice of nearly all the philosophers who preceded Dr. Reid.' In addition to the instances which Mr. Stewart has been at the pains of adducing from other authors, we can also quote a few from Hume, the metaphysician in whom Mr. Ogilvie seems chiefly to place his trust. While treating of this very subject, 'all these operations (he tells us) are *a species of instincts*.' When the same subject comes up a little further on, 'tis more conformable to the ordinary wisdom of nature (he remarks) to secure so necessary an act of the mind, by some *instinct* or mechanical tendency;' and in the next sentence he observes still more at length, that 'as nature has taught us the use of our limbs, without giving us the knowledge of the muscles and nerves, by which they are actuated; so she has implanted in us an *instinct* which carries forward the thought in a correspondent course to that which she has established among external objects.' So again he states explicitly in his Essay on the Reason of Animals, 'that all experimental reasoning is nothing but *a species of instinct*,' &c. Indeed there is no other word in our language

* *Philosophical Essays*, Philadelphia edition, pp. 132-3-4.

which can so adequately characterize this process of the understanding. A principle of action, of which we can neither date the origin, nor trace the progress, though it differ from real instinct, in being acquired, instead of innate,—is nevertheless so very nearly similar, in its effects, to that part of our constitution, that for want of a distinctive term, it may well enough be denominated a *species* of instinct.

But when Mr. Ogilvie thinks he has overturned the old theories of others, he does not imitate too many of his predecessors, in neglecting to edify some new ones on their ruins. After 'exposing the fallacy of the doctrine instituted by Reid and adopted by his followers,' (which exposure, however, consists merely in a criticism upon words), he has himself undertaken to account for our disposition to expect similar effects from similar causes. We suppose the leading idea in Mr. Ogilvie's system was suggested by Milton; his explanation being merely a history of what were probably the feelings and emotions of Adam in relation to the rising and setting of the sun. He supposes that during the first night after the creation of our great progenitor, the gloom and cheerlessness even of Paradise, would cause a 'longing for' the reappearance of day: this 'longing' would be converted into a 'lively hope' by several successive re-appearances of the sun: the lively hope would augment to a 'confident expectation,' after an additional number of instances; and a confident expectation would at last become a 'firm assurance,—an unhesitating belief (p. 46) that the alternation of day and night made a part of the established course of nature.' The misfortune of such an hypothesis is, that it can be applicable to no human being except Adam; for as no human being besides him, has ever been created in the complete maturity of both his intellectual and his corporeal faculties, it is impossible for any other to recollect the period when he first longed for the re-appearance of the sun,—or the dates of the successive stages through which his longing arrived at firm assurance. Besides that very few of the descendants of Adam are so early risers as their great forefather, we find it absolutely beyond the powers of memory to recal a single instance of our looking for the sun, with any shadow of doubt as to the certainty of his appearance. Our belief in the alternation of night and day, seems to be incorporated with our very existence; and we can no more date its origin than we can specify the time when the eye first began to judge of the distances of objects.

We shall not be able to examine in any detail the illustrations which our author has given of the relation between cause and effect;—nor to repeat, after him, the conclusions which are now pretty generally admitted, relative to the futility of inqui-

ring into the nature either of mind, or of matter.—His remarks upon the former subject are materially impaired,—if not rendered absolutely nugatory,—by the errors which entered into the fundamental definition of the Essay. Upon the latter subject he has been very discursive;—and, indeed, we apprehend that an attempt to draw the line between the regions which lie within our intellectual cognizance and dominion is much too arduous for a short Philosophical Essay. We transcribe with pleasure the forcible remarks upon the loss which the philosophic world has sustained, by the rash attempts of genius to investigate subjects beyond the reach of human understanding.

‘The most gigantic intellect, when it attempts to grasp a subject, that lies beyond the boundaries of human knowledge; in the region not of the unknown, but of the unknowable, is as impotent, as the most ordinary mind. The injury which mankind sustain, from this misapplication and waste of transcendent genius is immense. They not only lose the vast contributions that might have been made to the stock of knowledge, but the errors of genius are but immortal, and constitute the most formidable and permanent impediments to the progress of science. Recommended by ingenious reasoning, by eloquence, by whatever taste and imagination can supply, to propagate delusion and make error contagious, they bewilder the human mind through successive generations: *Inextricabilis sæpe, et dulcissimus error*: They occasion a permanent intellectual eclipse: Human reason for ages ‘sheds disastrous twilight over half the nations.’ If all the mighty minds that have in time past, exerted their intellectual powers to promote the advancement of human knowledge, had confined their inquiries within the sphere of the knowable, it is impossible for the most brilliant and sanguine imagination to conceive, how greatly the stock of human knowledge would have been augmented and all the blessings that spring from its augmentation, diffused and multiplied throughout the habitable globe.’ pp. 53—54.

While we acquiesce in the general tenor of these observations, we think they have too great a leaning towards the dark side of the subject. We may lament the necessity of such intellectual ‘waste and misapplication;’ but we ought to confess, at the same time, that it has been by means of these very perverted efforts to pass from the knowable into the unknowable, that we have been enabled to discover the boundary between the two regions. No a priori reasoning could have ascertained it; and since the necessity of the case required an actual experiment, we think it might just as well have been made first as last. It is from viewing the wrecks of our predecessors that we learn to shun the rocks upon which they split.

For the same reason that induced us to decline a detailed statement of our author's speculations concerning cause and effect, we shall omit to make particular mention of the *twelve* conclusions which he thinks are deducible from his analysis. The general inference from a just development of the relation under view, is the one which has long been considered as an indisputable truth,—that knowledge is power. It is an inference, however, which no logic can draw from Mr. Ogilvie's definitions and reasonings;—inasmuch as the latter are employed in proving, that cause and effect consist in the mere conjunction of two objects, and the former proceed upon the supposition, that the ascertainment of the order in which the two objects are conjoined is the sum and quintessence of human knowledge. As this language runs through the whole Essay, we are obliged to repeat for the third time,—that a correspondence betwixt the order of our ideas and the order of external phenomena can, in no conceivable explication of cause and effect, be considered as any thing like an adequate definition of human science. Were it possible for our understanding to be perfectly acquainted with the true causes of things, without possessing, at the same time, any clear idea of the order which nature has established to regulate their eventuation, the method of 'arrangement' would be an essential constituent of what we call knowledge; but the truth is, that the very discovery of true causes involves the ascertainment of the order in which they take place; and he who should allege that he knew the cause of any particular effect, and should yet 'arrange' the production before the producent, would be accounted either to have lost his faculties, or to have made use of speech without comprehending its signification. The only way in which we obtain command over phenomena is by acquiring a knowledge of their causes; and our ability to employ the latter for the production of the former is all we understand by the 'power' resulting from that 'knowledge.'

But though knowledge is power, it ought not to be asserted roundly, and without qualification, that ignorance is imbecility. If we use these terms to denominate the relative intellectual situations of the learned and the unlearned—the philosopher and the plebeian—we shall find that, in almost all the transactions of daily life, the power of the former is only superior to that of the latter, in the comparative facility and shortness of the way by which its objects are accomplished. Both may have control over the same event; but the philosopher occasions it to take place by the very short process of employing what he has discovered to be the true and proximate cause—while the plebeian is obliged to bring it about by employing a tedious suc-

cession of alternate causes and effects. Science does not consist in ascertaining that every link in the chain is really itself a chain of other links; but in discovering, that between two links which are commonly looked upon as conjoined, there is, in fact, a concatenation of intermediate links. Here lies the only advantage of the learned over the vulgar. The former produces the event by taking a short step to the proximate cause;—the latter must go back through a comparatively prolix process to some remote cause; and while the one is only encumbered with the trifling weight of a single link, the other is obliged to drag a ponderous length of the whole chain. The power of knowledge, therefore, is rather of a negative, than of a positive, nature; and consists not so much in the real increase, as in the due economization, of our capabilities. In most cases the philosopher can do no more than the plebeian: but he can do it in a more expeditious and less expensive way.—In these remarks, however, we have been using language in its more loose and popular acceptation; and it is unquestionably true, that, if we employ the terms in their most rigorous signification, perfect ignorance is absolute impotency—and perfect knowledge is absolute omnipotence.

There are two conclusions,—deducible, as our author supposes, from his analysis of cause and effect,—which perhaps it would be unpardonable to pass over in silence;—the conclusions, we mean, which refer, *first*, to the existence of Deity, and *secondly*, to the existence of miracles. With regard to the former we shall give Mr. Ogilvie an opportunity to use his own phraseology.

‘From this analysis, we derive one of the strongest a posteriori proofs, (perhaps the strongest a posteriori proof,) of the existence of a Deity, that human reason can discover or invent: if the phenomena of the material universe, (like the steps of a mathematical demonstration,) were necessarily and immutably connected, it would be unreasonable to look beyond the phenomena, for the efficient cause of their concatenation, in the order of cause and effect: but as the succession of events, does not appear to be necessarily connected, we are irresistibly led to infer, that the order in which they succeed each other, has been established and appointed by an omniscient, and, consequently omnipotent being: and that every indication of harmony and order, every tendency to produce and diffuse happiness, which the universe displays, is not only a shining evidence of the existence of the Deity, but an evidence also, of the divine attributes, that claim the adoration, love, and worship, of all his rational creatures.’—pp. 91, 92.

Now, we are very sure that an inference of this sort must be supported by considerations widely different from those em-

braced in the doctrine which our author has adopted, relative to cause and effect; and that, in fact, an inference directly at variance with the one here drawn is legitimately deducible both from his own essay, and from his master's speculations on the same subject. If we are to consider every example of cause and effect as a mere conjunction of two events,—or as a case of mere antecedence and consequence,—we must necessarily believe, also, that the only foundation of our inference from the one to the other, in time to come, is the experience we have of the manner in which they have accompanied or followed each other in time past. In Hume's own language, the two things are quite 'distinct and arbitrary;' nor can we discover either in the first, or in the second, the least circumstance from which we might conclude that their succession, or conjunction, was the result of any connecting principle, or necessary causation. The obvious consequence is,—that no object or event can be inferred to have had a cause, unless at some time or other, we have seen a similar object or event, preceded by another in close and direct conjunction. Nay the antecedence and consequence must have passed repeatedly under our own eyes before the object or event in question can, according to this doctrine, be considered as having any thing like what we denominate a cause. Now, when we come to extend this principle beyond the petty phenomena of our own little 'spot which men call earth,' and bring the total universe, as one single object, under the supervision of the mental eye, we find ourselves utterly incapable of concluding that it had a cause; for who has ever witnessed the production of such a phenomenon? Who has ever seen a universe come from the hands of a Creator, or preceded by any other object or event whatsoever?

Another obvious consequence of Hume's doctrine is,—that we never can have any notion of the efficiency by which one event is rendered adequate to the production of another. All we know about the matter is, that the first goes immediately before the second; and the conclusion is, that any other event might take the place of either, without disturbing, in the least, our ideas relative to the propriety of association. Even if the 'philosopher' should grant, therefore,—what we know he must be less sagacious than Hume* to think of granting,—that every object and event is logically concluded to have a cause, he still has a strong hold of impregnable scepticism in the denial of our possibility to point out the powers and attributes of that

* Of a Particular Providence and of a Future State. We suspect the author before us has forgotten this Essay.

cause. If he suffers us to infer that the universe had a cause, he will dispute our right of attempting to define what sort of a cause it was. We are granted the simple fact,—that some object or event was immediately antecedent to the appearance of the universe; but whether it was material, or intellectual,—whether, in short, it was God or not,—we cannot make our premises bear us out in concluding. Turn the doctrine on whatever side you will, therefore, it is inevitably destructive of all belief in a Supreme Being.

The relation of cause and effect, as we have endeavoured to explain it, involves no such conclusions as these. It is an unquestionable fact,—let philosophers dispute ever so much about the foundation on which it lies,—that from the circumstances invariably attending the phenomena which have come within our cognizance, from the uniform certainty that, with due examination, we can always find a reason for the events which fall under our supervision,—we are irresistibly led to the general conclusion that every object must have a cause. When all the examples of experience are added together, this general inference may be considered as the sum which stands at the foot:—and we find it formed in the mind so very early in life, that even children who are scarcely able to lisp a question are extremely anxious to know the reasons of things.—But, along with our belief in the existence of causes, we receive, also, a notion of their comparative adequacy. We learn from experience that a force or momentum which can move a billiard-ball would be inadequate to impel a thirty-two-pound cannon-shot; and we are taught farther by natural philosophy, that the momenta, which are respectively adequate to the impulsion of both, may be measured with arithmetical precision. From the same instructor, also, we acquire the additional information, that momentum itself is resolvable into the two elements of weight and velocity;—insomuch that by making up with the one what is wanting of the other, we are able to move the greatest mass of matter with the least, or the least with the greatest. From such examples as this, we acquire a notion of adequacy; and whenever we are attempting to investigate the cause of any anomalous event, this circumstance forms an essential and an invariable part of our reflections.—From the foregoing considerations we are impressed with the irresistible conclusion that the universe must have proceeded from a cause; from what we have just been saying, we acquire, at the same time, a conviction that, to be adequate, such a cause must have exceeded immeasurably any power within the sphere of our knowledge; and the mind finds itself obliged, therefore, to

take refuge in the supposition of omnipotence. Beyond this we cannot go. There can be no cause of omnipotence.

With regard to Mr. Ogilvie's argument in favour of miracles we have to observe, that it proceeds upon an assumption which, by the person he is combating, would be considered as altogether false and gratuitous. Perhaps Hume, were he alive, would be the last person in the world to profess 'a conscientious belief (p. 145) in the existence of God;' and our author would, therefore, find himself contending with an antagonist who, without trying the temper of his weapon or the force of his blows, would deprive him at once of the very ground on which he stood. In disputing with a sceptic it is doubly necessary to be assured, first of all, that our fundamental propositions are such as he acknowledges to be tenable: and without examining particularly the reasoning of the author before us, therefore, or requiring of Hume any other concession than such as he has voluntarily made, we shall proceed to offer one or two brief remarks in oppugnation of his celebrated argument against the existence of miracles.

'An absurd consequence, if necessary, (says he, *Of Liberty and Necessity*, Pt. II; and we only quote his own language in order to take nothing for granted which he would not concede) proves the original doctrine to be absurd.' No absurdity can be greater than that the same principle should prove a thing to be, and not to be, at the same time; and if, therefore, we can demonstrate that Hume's rule on this subject is equally conclusive both against, and in favour of, the existence of miracles, we suppose the principle itself must be given up as absurd. The great object is to ascertain the degree of confidence which we may rationally place in human testimony:—'and in all cases, (according to Hume) we must balance the opposite experiments, where they are opposite, and deduct the smaller number from the greater, in order to know the exact force of the superior evidence. An hundred instances on one side, and fifty on another, afford a very doubtful expectation of any event; though a hundred uniform experiments, with only one that is contradictory, reasonably beget a pretty strong degree of assurance.' Now the great defect of this rule is, that it proves too much. If it is admitted to be true, we can establish the veracity of the veriest liar in the world,—and prove that any extraordinary event of which we have testimony, both did, and did not, occur. We prove its occurrence by examining the character of the witness; and we demonstrate its non-occurrence by investigating the nature of the event. It is a received truth,—and Hume himself acknowledges in one place,—that the great body

of mankind are to be considered as worthy of belief.* Let us, therefore, 'balance the opposite experiments' or 'deduct the smaller number from the greater,' and, if this doctrine is to be practised upon, we must be necessarily influenced to believe the testimony,—notwithstanding the knavery and mendacity of the witness is known and acknowledged. His veracity has the 'hundred chances to one' in its favour; and the validity of his evidence is, therefore, weighed in the balance and *not* found wanting.

But, on the other hand, nothing can be clearer than that, from the very nature of the thing, the extraordinary event in question could never have taken place. Our process here must also be that of 'balancing and deduction.' Rarity is the very quintessence of the extraordinary:—and accordingly when we came to balance the probabilities, we should find, on counting up the 'instances' for 'both sides,' that the number against the event is perhaps a thousand, while that in its favour is not more than a dozen. Deduct and balance as before; and it would be indubitably established that no such event could possibly have taken place. The odds are fearfully against it; and 'with the wise and learned'—'the judicious and knowing,'—therefore, the testimony in its favour can never be of the least possible weight.

Perhaps we shall be better understood by adducing an instance. Let us suppose, then, that a person who was an eyewitness of the fact, should bring us the intelligence, that, in the transition of the steam-boat over the Delaware, one of the passengers fell overboard and was drowned. It would be our first business to establish the veracity of our informer; and this is very easily done by deducting the number of liars from the great body of mankind. If neither of the sums was precisely numerable, the balancing of proportions must be resorted to; and perhaps the result would be that 100 men will speak the truth, for one who would tell a lie. The passenger, therefore, was clearly drowned.—But, in the next place, we must examine the nature of the event:—and the result of our inquiries would probably be that 1000 men had passed the river in that very steam-boat, and yet not one of them had fallen overboard or was drowned. 'Deduct the smaller number of chances from the greater,' and it is indisputable that the man in question could never have fallen overboard. Indeed, when this doctrine

* 'Men have commonly an inclination to truth and a principle of probity.' *Of Miracles*, Pt. I. But we are far from alleging the proposition upon his single authority; inasmuch as in Part II. of the same Essay, he finds it expedient to say 'that the knavery and folly of men are such common phenomena,' &c.

comes to be generalized, it amounts to precisely this,—that the majority of instances which give rise to a rule is conclusive against the smaller number which form the exceptions;—a proposition which is so much at variance with the common sense of mankind, that the existence of exceptions is proverbially considered as proving the validity of the rule.

We are aware of the two answers which Hume would make to the observations in the foregoing paragraphs. He would tell us, in the first place, that ‘the very same principle (Of Miracles, Pt. 1.) which gives a certain degree of assurance in the testimony of the witness, gives us also,’ to be sure, ‘another degree of assurance against the fact:’ but then ‘from this contradiction necessarily arise a counterpoise, and mutual destruction of belief and authority.’ Now to us the legitimate conclusion seems to be that a ‘principle’ which thus produces a flat and palpable ‘contradiction’ is radically and essentially absurd. Contradiction is the very last extreme of absurdity; and ‘an absurd consequence (see above, p. 25) proves the original doctrine to be absurd.’—But there is, besides, a great absurdity enveloped in the mysterious expression—‘mutual destruction of belief and authority;’ a phrase which, being interpreted, means nothing less than that, as the two conclusions destroy each other, neither the event, nor the testimony, nor any thing connected with the one or the other, could ever have had existence:—and this, again, is to discredit the direct and immediate evidence of our own eyes and ears. Read Hume’s remarks upon the evidence of sense, at the beginning of Part I.

Our sceptic’s second answer would be, that, as the drowning of a man was not miraculous, the rule proposed could have no legitimate application to such an event. In the prosecution of his argument on this subject, Hume unfortunately stumbled upon the instance of a tropical prince’s disbelieving, that, in more northern climates, the intensity of cold had the effect of reducing water to a state of hardness; and as he perceived that such an example struck at the very root of the doctrine, he endeavoured to explain it away by an amusing note, in which we are told, for our satisfaction, that ‘the operations of cold upon water are not gradual, according to the degrees of cold; but whenever it comes to the freezing point, the water passes from the utmost liquidity to perfect hardness.’ Nothing, we apprehend, can be more unquestionable than this; and yet it does not prevent us from seeing, that the conclusion of the Indian was exactly accordant with Mr. Hume’s reasoning, and directly contradictory of notorious matter of fact. The congelation of water in tropical countries would be almost as much a miracle as the restoration of sight in a person by the mere

touch of the hand; and yet to conclude that water could not be frozen there, or any where else, against the direct testimony of veracious eye-witnesses, would be considered as ridiculous and absurd. Here, then, Mr. Hume has been at the pains to exhibit his own infallible rule in the act of discrediting the existence of facts, which he and all of us acknowledge to be of notorious and ordinary occurrence.—To say, that the rule cannot be applicable to cases in which the laws of nature are not suspended, is surely to draw distinctions where ordinary eyes can see no difference; for if the rule is applicable to one class of facts which lie without the regular course of things, we are utterly incapable of perceiving why it should apply to others which are in the very same predicament. A miracle may be called the sublime of extraordinary phenomena; but from that point there are almost infinite degrees of strangeness and rarity; and if the rule of ‘deduction and balancing’ is applicable to the one, we cannot find a good reason why it should not be so to all the rest. Certainly the language in which his principle is expressed does not recognize any such distinction:—And whether, upon the whole, this rule of Hume’s ought to be ‘an everlasting check’ to our belief in well attested miracles, we shall leave our readers to determine.

We have to observe, in quitting this subject, that notwithstanding the many absurdities which, in our opinion, are the unavoidable consequences of the sceptical philosophy, we believe it to be a logical and fair deduction from the metaphysical systems of the profoundest philosophers who preceded Hume: and we venture to assert, that there is hardly a proposition in the whole Inquiry concerning Human Understanding which may not be ultimately traced to Locke’s erroneous doctrine about ideas. The scepticism of Hume unfortunately took the wrong direction:—inasmuch, as, instead of doubting the validity of the principles upon which the received system was founded, he credulously took the whole for granted, and only busied his ingenuity in the superstruction of such doctrines as he clearly perceived must find support in those principles. Had he asked himself the question,—whether, in fact, the ideas in our minds are copies or resemblances of external phenomena,—his sagacity would have soon reduced him to a negative answer; for when he came to run over a variety of ideas,—which his inquisitive mind would have done immediately,—he would have discovered that, the greatest part of those ideas could not possibly be endowed with figure. Our notions of hardness, colour, heat,—and, indeed, all those ideas which are not obtained through the single sense of sight, have nothing in them that can be conceived to resemble the objects from which they are derived. It was left for Dr. Reid to make this dis-

covery; and it is only by reasoning similar to that of which he is the author, that we are enabled to break up the foundations, and consequently to overthrow the fabric, of Hume's philosophical speculations. And here we take occasion to repeat, that they are speculations merely. In action we should, perhaps, accord exactly with the sceptic; and it is only from his philosophy that we should profess our dissent. 'Cum Patrone Epicureo mihi omnia sunt: nisi quod in philosophia vehementer ab eo dissentio.' Cic. ad Memmium.

ESSAY III.—On the Modern Abuse of Moral Fiction, in the Shape of Novels.—As we have taken up so much room with the general subject of human knowledge, it will be necessary to dismiss, in few words, that part which is treated of in this essay:—And it is a necessity to which we the more cheerfully submit, both because our author has not thrown much new light upon the abuse of fiction,—and because, as he promises a subsequent essay, upon the Theory of this species of Literature, we can, at some future period, bring the whole discussion under one and the same view. In the mean time, however, we shall give a brief sketch of what Mr. Ogilvie has done here; premising only, that the tenor of the whole performance is rather that of declamation than of reasoning.

The first part is occupied with an enumeration of the many rare circumstances which must combine to form a distinguished novelist. And with all his observations on this subject our own opinion would have entirely coincided, had they not been vitiated by his peculiar ideas concerning cause and effect. To us it is very manifest, that a good moral fiction must be the result of all that is excellent in history, in biography, in the drama, and in every other department of literature which relates to the conduct and transactions of men. It is entirely of modern origin; and seems, indeed, to be the very consummation of literature and philosophy. The historian and the biographer have only to work upon the materials and to employ the colouring which are already furnished to their hands:—the novelist must not only be equal to both in the skill of application,—but invent his own materials, and compose his own colouring. To detail with perspicuity and elegance the facts which are recondited and preserved by others, is comparatively so easy a task, that a person of very limited experience might perform it with success; but to institute the whole story and concatenate, in a probable way, the various incidents of which it is made up, so as to make them terminate in one great and consummate event, is a work that requires a very extensive acquaintance with the experience of others, joined to a long

course of close personal investigation into men and things. Moral fiction is, therefore, the very last department into which we should advise an author to hazard his steps:—and yet, as it purely is the work of the imagination, and as the imaginative faculty is in the most vivid and constant exercise during the season of youth, a novel is almost invariably the first offering which a writer imposes on the altar of taste.

Youth, too, is the very season in which the imagination is the least capable, and the least inclined, to observe any of Horace's rules: and hence it is, that the great part of modern novels are stuffed with monstrous actors and incredible adventures. Perhaps we are oftener moved by hair-springs, than by levers;—and, in general, it requires a pretty long experience and a well practised eye to detect and reveal these subtle motives of human conduct. Extraordinary native powers, combined with good education and frequent opportunities, may sometimes render even a youth capable of penetrating, through the actions of men, to the hidden and evanescent causes by which they are produced: but the examples are rare; and, as a general proposition, it is indubitable that the youthful mind has very little cognizance of any motives or causes, except such as are distant, obvious, and palpable. When young persons undertake the production of a novel, therefore, they are incapable of connecting and interweaving the various parts of the story according to the model of actual life. The threads of the fabric are not interlaced and run into each other like the real conduct and events of the world;—but are employed to sew the different incidents to one another, in a clumsy, though gorgeous, patchwork,—*late qui splendat unus et alter assuitur pannus*.—Unfortunately, however, these very productions are exhibited to eyes as little capable as those of the authors themselves, to perceive any thing artificial or uneven in the conjunctions, by which the piece is held together. And thus it happens, that, notwithstanding the constant violation of nature in the great body of novels, they are a species of literary works which is more abundantly and more extensively circulated, than, perhaps, any other whatsoever. Old men of taste are very select and fastidious in the perusal of novels; but the omnivorous maw of youth devours indiscriminately whatever is thrown into it.

At present we can enter no farther into the subject. We have only to observe, in a general way,—that the whole of the essay under review is an exaggerated representation of the evil effects produced by the reading of modern fictitious narratives. Indeed, we apprehend, that old men in general are apt to run into exaggeration on the subject of novel-reading. We are not

about to deny that its effects are very extensively pernicious; but we believe the evils attending it are not uniformly of the character which is the most frequently given them. The influence of principles imbibed from a novel, does not always manifest itself in the direct way of moulding the thoughts and actions of the reader. So rarely have fictitious works been able to form and fashion the whole character, that a romantic person is proverbially a subject of remark: and indeed we might conclude, *a priori*, that unless a reader wasted a great deal more of his time in the perusal of novels, than he spent in the avocations and realities of sober life, the principles of action derived from the former could never predominate over those which he must imbibe from the latter. Nothing so soon abridges the flights of imagination, as engagement in the real business and concerns of life; and no person has ever been distinguished for romantic conduct,—unless he has lived in the regions of fiction and read novels all the days of his life. Indirectly, however, the perusal of novels is calculated to do mischief. It is, in the first place, a useless and criminal waste of time; and is fitted, in the second place, to unhinge good habits and dissipate all sober reflection. The evil tendency of the principles generally inculcated in such productions, we readily acknowledge; but we somewhat question the extent which is commonly ascribed to their actual effects; and, for our own parts, we should, in general, reprobate their perusal as much for their dulness, as for their immorality.

We have now gone through a pretty thorough examination of Mr. Ogilvie's book. As it is the first of the same character which has issued from the American press, we felt ourselves bound to detail at considerable length the reasons of the opinion we should form of its merits: and if we have not been able to keep up the attention of our readers throughout so dry and abstruse an article, we must console ourselves with the reflection that we have at least discharged our duties towards the writer, whose book led us into the discussion. Whenever we have dissented from Mr. Ogilvie, we have endeavoured to give a reason for our dissent: And instead of keeping at a distance from the subject, and indulging ourselves in sweeping expressions of general contempt for his powers and his performance, we have entered the lists and grappled with him fairly. Whatever opinion we shall finally pronounce, therefore, is the result of deliberate and candid investigation. We think Mr. Ogilvie is capable of writing forcibly and of reasoning closely:—but we are very certain that his present effort will never ensure him 'extensive and permanent celebrity as a philosophical writer.' His work contains but very little original thought: what

little there is, cannot lay claim to the praise of being very profound or very accurate; and the language in which he has delivered the whole is too loose and turgid to be philosophical.

His sentences are in general too long. We have found him employing some words which are not English,—such as ‘auspicate,’ ‘volant,’ ‘mysogyny,’ with a few others; and he frequently joins words, which are English, in what we consider as an awkward way,—such as ‘mind-awakening,’ ‘life-loathing,’ ‘fact-inverting,’ ‘spirit-stirring,’ ‘pain-enduring,’ ‘truth-tempered,’ and a great many others; which might be admitted in poetry, but should never be tolerated in prose. He is too fond of adopting the language of other authors; and repeats very common-place quotations a great deal too often. Thus the expressions, ‘nature and nature’s God,’ ‘mind’s eye,’ ‘our Father who is in heaven,’ ‘laudum immensa cupido,’ ‘waste its sweetness on the desert air,’ and we know not how many others are repeated on every convenient occasion.—There is a great deal of extravagant declamation in the notes; and although Mr. Ogilvie ‘disdains mercy,’ we shall not be so cruel as to extract any of his wild passages. We suspect they were indited while he was under the operation of some powerful stimulus; and, if we understand his characteristic temperament, we should advise him to abstain from composition whenever he has been taking opium, or reading *Paradise Lost*.

ART II.—*Travels into various countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa.* By Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D. Part II. Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land.—From the *Eclectic Review*.

(Continued from p. 424. vol. viii.)

DR. Clarke expresses a lively and indignant regret at that process by which the cupidity of British taste was, at the time of his sojourn, despoiling the temple of Minerva of the last moveable decorations of its ruins. Lusieri was the reluctant director of the operations, and he said that a corresponding dislike to the proceeding, in the Turkish inhabitants, much obstructed his progress in the dilapidation of a ‘building which they had been accustomed to regard with religious veneration, and had converted into a mosque.’ It is not however pretended that this attachment to the edifice had the slightest possible regard to the beauty of its sculptures. Indeed it is quite certain there *could* be no such feeling among the generality of the Mahomedans, whether rabble or quality,—if it be worth while to distinguish ranks that are intellectually on a level. The regret and displeasure of these iconoclast remonstrants probably took but little higher account of the matter, than that so much

well coloured, well fitted *stone*, was taken from the mosque, thereby making its appearance somewhat more ruinous. As to the *Disdar Aga*, who, at sight of the accident by which several masses of marble were brought down and dashed in pieces, 'actually took his pipe from his mouth, and letting fall a tear, said in a most emphatical tone of voice, *Τελος!*' positively declaring that nothing 'should induce him to consent to any further dilapidation of the building,'—if there was in his grief any thing allied to a taste for the fine arts, Dr. C. should have made some inquiry into the history and education of an individual so unaccountably distinguished from the general character. The systematic antipathy of the true believers to pagan imagery, is notoriously so well sustained by a total insensibility to its utmost beauty as a manifestation of genius, that there can be no hazard in affirming that every Turk in Athens or in Greece, excepting the said *Disdar*, would have been gratified at the demolition of these displaced pieces of marble, considered as parts of *the sculpture* of the temple, though probably more gratified if the sculptures could have been destroyed, and the blocks left in their places on the walls.

Our author adverts repeatedly, and with great severity of censure, to Lord Elgin's proceedings. There is much force in his observations on some particulars of this affair; especially on the removal of the admired horse's head. He states that it was found impracticable to detach it without destroying the previously uninjured angle of the pediment; at which very serious cost therefore to what may be called its native situation, it will display its fire and power in our national museum. But he justly observes also, that much of that expression of energy must be lost, when the head is beheld withdrawn from all the advantages of the position, adapted, with the unrivalled artist's wonted skill, to give it effect in the view of a beholder from below.

'The head of this animal had been so judiciously placed by Phidias, that to a spectator below, it seemed to be rising from an abyss, foaming and struggling to burst from its confined situation, with a degree of energy suited to the greatness and dignity of its character. All the *perspective of the sculpture* (if such an expression be admissible,) and certainly all the harmony and fitness of its proportions, and all the effect of attitude and force of composition, depended upon the work being viewed precisely at the distance in which Phidias designed that it should be seen. Its removal, therefore, from its situation, amounted to nothing less than its destruction:—take it down, and all the aim of the sculptor is instantly frustrated! Could any one believe that this was actually done? and that it was done too in the name of a nation vain of its distinction in the fine arts! Nay more, that in doing

this, finding the removal of this piece of sculpture could not be effected without destroying the entire angle of the pediment, the work of destruction was allowed to proceed even to this extent also.'

It would not be easy to give a plausible colour to this part of the process. But regarding the proceeding generally, we should think the question of its justification in the court of taste, is now reduced to a very small compass. In which of two situations—left entirely and finally at once to the operation of the elements, and in the power of the most incorrigible barbarians, detesting the beautiful imagery, and gladly knocking the most exquisite forms in pieces to make lime,—or placed and preserved with the utmost care in the national repository of the most civilized people now in the world—in which of these two situations have these graceful relics the better chance for duration, and for contributing to the improvement of correct taste and elegant art? There seems no possibility of hesitating as to the reply; at least when the fact is added, that with small exception, it was only from absolute ruins that they were taken, so that no original violation was committed by their removal.

Dr. C. availing himself of the apparatus of the artists at the Parthenon, ascended to all the higher parts of the ruin, and examined the sculpture with the minutest attention.

'That on the metopes, representing the combats of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, is in such bold relief that the figures are all of them statues. Upon coming close to the work, and examining the state of the marble, it was evident that a very principal cause of the injuries it had sustained was owing, not, as it has been asserted, [by Dr. C. himself in a former publication] to "the zeal of the early Christians, the barbarism of the Turks, or to the explosions which took place when the temple was used as a powder magazine," but to the decomposition of the stone itself in consequence of the action of the atmosphere for so many ages. The mischief has originated in the sort of marble which was used for the building; this, not being entirely homogeneous, is characterized by a tendency to exfoliate, when long exposed to air and moisture. Any person may be convinced of this, who will examine the specimens of sculpture which have been since removed to this country from the *Parthenon*; although being expressly selected as the most perfect examples of the work, they do not exhibit this decomposition so visibly as the remaining parts of the building. But throughout the *metopes*, and in all the exquisite sculpture of the frieze which surrounded the outside of the cell of the temple, this may be observed: a person putting his hand behind the figures, or upon the plinth, where the parts have been less exposed to the atmosphere, may perceive the polished surface, as it was left when the work was finished, still preserving

a high degree of smoothness; but the exterior parts of the stone have been altered by *weathering*; and where veins of schistus in the marble have been affected by decomposition, considerable parts have fallen off.'

It is the Pentelican marble, of which, exclusively, the Parthenon was constructed, that has this fault of being traversed by veins of extraneous substances, in consequence of which all ancient works finished in that material have suffered in some degree by decomposition; and many so much as to 'exhibit a surface as earthy and as rude as common limestone; whereas the works executed in Parian marble, retain, with all the delicate softness of wax, the mild lustre even of their original polish.' Of the marble of Paros are the 'Medicean Venus, the Belvidere Apollo, the Antinous, and many other celebrated works.' That of Mount Pentelicus was preferred in the splendid age of Athenian architecture and sculpture, on account of its being whiter, as well as nearer at hand. By the nature of the case, the only complete test of the comparative merits of the two substances, was out of reach; a long series of ages alone could give the proof.

In spite of all that a homely plain judgment of the utility of things, or a high and austere morality, can say and remonstrate, there seems to be in these efflorescences of heathen genius, even in their faded state, some inextinguishable power of infection on the imagination of susceptible and highly cultivated spirits, which we must consent to admit as absolving them from the ordinary sobrieties of language. As witness our author: 'A sight of the splendid solemnity of the whole *Panathenaic Festival*, represented by the best artists of ancient Greece, in one continued picture above three feet in height, and originally six hundred feet in length, of which a very considerable portion now remains, *is alone worth a journey to Athens*; nor will any scholar deem the undertaking to be unprofitable who should *visit Greece for this alone*.' Nevertheless, it is probable that many a 'scholar' will behold with very little of this rapture, the most perfect, confessedly, of these pieces now in existence, placed in order, as they will soon be, in the British museum. But it will be justly alleged by Dr. Clarke, that they will there be seen, like princes in exile, under an inconceivable disadvantage, as detached from all the imposing associations of their original and majestic locality. At the same time, it is right to observe, that the superlative excellence attributed to their execution, may be justly required to sustain even this severe test.

The journal of the time spent in Athens, abounds with curious and interesting matters; but we must abandon the fascinating scene in haste, to trace, in a few excessively brief noti-

ces, the long diversified train of our author's succeeding adventures. One of the most entertaining of them, in the neighbourhood of Athens, is the bold and dexterous exploit of carrying off from Eleusis the ponderous mutilated statue of Ceres, now deposited, in collegiate honours, at Cambridge; a situation which, if he is challenged, in his turn, as one of the spoliators of Greece, he will probably not hesitate to affirm more befitting a goddess, than the being enthroned literally in a dunghill, even at Eleusis.

He quitted the Piræus with the intention of 'sailing to Epidaurus; and after visiting Epidauria and Argolis, to return through the northern district of Peloponnesus, towards Megara and Eleusis.' In a grand scene of solitary ruins at Epidaurus, he had no doubt he ascertained the ground-plot of the temple of Æsculapius; and found in an uncommonly perfect state the theatre, which can be no other than that formed by Polycletus. At Tiryns he contemplated with amazement the walls, of cyclopean structure and unknown antiquity; a work than which, he says, 'with the exception of the interior structure of the pyramids, a more marvellous result of human labour has not been found upon earth.' The destruction of Tiryns is of so remote antiquity, that its walls existed nearly as they do at present in the most remote periods of Grecian history. The prodigious masses of which they consist, were put together without cement; and they are likely to brave the attacks of time through ages even more numerous than those which have elapsed since they were built. Owing to its walls, the city is celebrated in the poems of Homer; and the satisfaction of seeing an example of the military architecture of the heroic ages, as it was beheld by him, is perhaps only granted to the moderns in this single instance. They have remained nearly in their present state above three thousand years. It is believed that they were erected long before the Trojan war.

Another high gratification of the same kind awaited the traveller in beholding the walls and gate of Mycenæ, and still more, the reputed tomb of Agamemnon, over the entrance of which is placed a stone '*twenty-seven feet in length, seventeen feet in width, and four feet seven inches in thickness*; perhaps the largest slab of hewn stone in the world.' At Argos, he had an opportunity of examining a great variety of *terra cotta* vases found in sepulchres; and he goes some length in an interesting inquiry concerning the intention with which such vessels were placed in tombs, leaving it undecided whether they were tokens of respect to the dead, or offerings to the 'Gods of the dead.'

He pursued his route to Nemæa, Sicyon, and Corinth, examining the antiquities of each, and admiring the prodigious fertility of the ground between the last two. Corinth is very poor in ancient remains and has a pernicious air, which inflicted on our traveller a fever, but ill compensated by the magnificence of the view from its lofty and impregnable citadel. He could not leave the isthmus without an earnest and determined effort to discover the lost site of the Isthmian town, the temple of Neptune, the stadium, and the theatre. 'The earth was covered with fragments of various coloured marble, grey granite, white limestone, broken pottery, disjointed shafts, capitals and cornices. We observed part of the fluted shaft of a Doric column, which was five feet in diameter. Not a single pillar stands erect: the columns, with their entablatures, have all fallen.'

After a short valedictory visit to Athens, our author and his companion set off to the north west, to traverse the most memorable scenes of Hellas; which are described with an animation of style well corresponding to that ardent and indefatigable activity of investigation by which Dr. C. is so eminently distinguished. It is a region where a reflective traveller is never suffered to subside into a quietude of feeling. The spots and objects to excite enthusiasm occur at such short intervals, that before his enchanted musings on the last have given way to the fatigue and ordinary incidents of travelling, he finds himself in the presence or near prospect of still another object, which renovates his bright but pensive visions. The face of this illustrious tract is moulded in such a manner, and the distances are so moderate from one prominent and memorable position to another, that the traveller sees before him the consecrated eminence indicating the site of another of the renowned cities, before he ceases to lose in his retrospect the one which he has but just now surveyed, and of which he is still glowing with the inspirations. The country consists of so great a number of beautiful and sublime landscapes, as our author is confident no other part of the world can present in contiguity. And while so picturesque in the whole combination, they are disposed with a marvellous felicity for giving a completeness of scene, and a commanding effect to each of those cities, distinctly, of which the very names cannot be heard without emotion by cultivated spirits. This unrivalled natural arrangement, repeatedly awakened the traveller's attention, and is celebrated by his accustomed vivacity of expression, combined in one of his references to it, with what is equally characteristic, a certain daring adventurousness with which he will at any time suddenly invade some speculative subject with an unqualified assertion.

Indeed, we should long since have noticed, that the general course of his writing bears a character of unaffected independence and intrepidity, which greatly contributes to the life and interest of the work, and is perfectly in unison with the spirit practically evinced in his researches and roving.

‘An observation has before been made, that every principal city of Greece occupies its peculiar plain, surrounded in a most remarkable manner by a natural wall of mountains; and too much stress cannot be laid on this fact, because it will enable the reader to take, as it were, a mental survey of the country; and the mere name of any Grecian city, by this circumstance of association, will convey with it, whenever it is mentioned, a correct, though an imaginary picture of its appearance and situation; especially to the minds of travellers who have once seen any similar instance. The country is naturally distributed into a series of distinct craters, each containing a spacious and level area, admirably adapted to the purposes of maintaining and defending as many different colonies. Among the mountains that thus surround the *Plain of Thebes*, the snow-clad ridges of *Parnassus*, and of *Helicon* are particularly conspicuous. It may easily be imagined without much description, what scenes for a painter such a country must afford,—what subjects for poetry it must contain: heaven and earth seem to be brought together; the mountain tops appear shining above the clouds, in regions of ineffable light, as thrones for immortal beings; and the clouds collected into stupendous volumes of inconceivable splendour, and of every possible form, come rolling round the basis of the mountains, as if bringing the majesty of their celestial conductors towards the earth. Under the influence of so many sublime impressions, the human mind becomes gifted as by inspiration, and is by nature filled with poetical ideas. The muses have ever made such scenes their favourite abode; and it is upon this account that they have haunted *Helicon* and *Parnassus*, and all the heights and the depths, the vales and the rocks, and the woods and the waters of Greece: nor can an example be adduced where, in any country, uniformly flat and monophanous, like *Scythia* or *Belgium*, the fire of imagination has ever kindled. It is not that Greece owed its celebrity to an *Orpheus* or a *Pindar*, and the long list of poets it produced, as it is, that those illustrious bards owed the bent of their genius to the scenes of nature wherein they were born and educated. Even *Homer* himself, if he had been a native of oriental Tartary, and had been cradled and brought up under the impressions made by such scenery, and under the influence of such a climate, would never have been a poet.’ *Vol. IV. p. 48.*

It is easy to admit the whole of this creed as to the effect of the dead flats of the earth;—it is probable enough that *Belgium* or *Tartary* would have put an effectual negative on any attempt of nature to make there a *Homer*; but on the other hand, when she decided there should be but one *Homer*, it was in vain

that all the charms and splendours of the Grecian scenery and climate conspired to multiply the number. The great and unquestionable power of such a noble and most enviable state of the material world, to develop and enrich native genius, confessed its limits, and its total inability to *create* genius, in the innumerable beings of ordinary faculty in ancient Greece, even in the period when so many other mighty causes co-operated. And what does it do *now*? The identical Greece remains, in that effulgence of elemental glory which so justly enraptured our author; but what are its *men*!

The enthusiasm inspired at Athens, was not likely to languish on the plain of Marathon, which is finely illustrated, in every sense; several beautiful plates assisting the minute and perspicuous topographical description. The investigator could not doubt that he distinguished, in a conspicuous tumulus, the tomb of the Athenians; and he very clearly and strikingly explains, in surveying the scene of action in the vicinity of the marsh, how a prodigious multitude of the Persians would inevitably be engulfed in it. He had narrowly missed seeing the cave of Pan, in approaching Marathon, on the road from Athens. In crossing the territory of the ancient Tanagra, he observes that it is,

‘a plain of such extraordinary beauty, extent, and fertility, that the sight of it alone is sufficient to explain all the ancient authors have written concerning the contests maintained for its possession, between the inhabitants of Attica and of Bœotia.’

The site of Tanagra was first ascertained by Mr. Hawkins, and a letter from him is inserted, describing some curious exhibitions there of the ridiculous superstition of the Greek peasants, which frustrated his attempt to get on board his vessel a beautiful Ionic capital of white marble. The aspect of Thebes, when first beheld, at the distance of several miles, was very striking; its fine position giving a grand effect to ‘the prodigious ramparts, and high mounds, of a very artificial form, which appear upon the outside of it.’ ‘A deep fosse surrounds it, and the traces of its old walls may yet be discerned;’ but ‘having suffered more than any other city of Greece, it has little within its walls worth notice.’ A most industrious investigation was made of its scanty remains; and our author is confident that ‘a very correct topography of the city might be composed from traces still discernible;’ the situation of its seven gates might be ascertained. A number of inscriptions were transcribed; and in the church of St. Demetrius there may be seen,

‘the rarest specimens of architecture in Greece: namely, several beautiful capitals of that chaste and ancient pattern of the *Corinthian order*, which is entirely without *volute* for the corners, and has

a single wreath of the simplest *Acanthus* foliage to crown its base. There is not in Europe a single instance of this most elegant variety of the *Corinthian* in any modern structure. In fact, it is only known to those persons who have seen the very few examples of it that exist among the ruins of the Grecian cities. There is no trace of it among the ruins of Rome; yet, in point of taste, it is so exceedingly superior to the more ornamented and crowded capital which was afterwards introduced, that both the rival *connoscenti* of Athens, *Lusieri*, and *Fauvel*, have designed and modelled it, and they have spoken of its discovery as forming an *epocha* in the history of the art.'

A still finer and more perfect specimen occurred afterwards among the ruins of Lebadea. We wish the form that deserves such applauses had been conveyed in a drawing. Dr. C. is of opinion that, denuded as Thebes appears of the beauties of ancient art, there must be 'many of its antiquities lying concealed from observation, within the mosques, baths, and dwellings of its present inhabitants, and, above all, beneath the soil now occupied by the town and the suburbs:' and there he is willing to anticipate it may not be long before they will be detected. Among the few visible relics, he observed 'beneath a ruined tower, a massive *soros* of one entire block of marble, serving as a cistern beneath a fountain. Upon this *soros* there appeared a very curious *bas-relief*, representing, in rude and most ancient sculpture, the figure of a *phœnix*, perched upon the pinnacle of an obelisk.' This combination recalls to mind a notice in Pausanias, answering in some points of the description, and instantly the tomb of Hector is before our author's eyes. 'The remarkable representation of a phœnix upon an *obelisk of the sun*, as having *risen from its ashes*, seems to be peculiarly adapted to the story of the removal of *Hector's ashes*, in obedience to the *oracle*, from the *Trojan grave*, to become an object of reverence in the city of *Cadmus*.' His fancy, always full of living fire, comes upon us here with one of those coruscations which evince his genuine kindred to the ancient Greeks.

'Perhaps it may be doubted whether, in any part of Greece, there could be found a nobler association of sublime and dignified objects than was here collected into one view: the *living fountain*—the *speaking sepulchre*—the *Cadmean citadel*—the *Oxygian plain*—overwhelming the mind with every recollection that has been made powerful by genius, and consecrated by inspiration; where every zephyr, breathing from Helicon, and Parnassus, over the mouldering fabrics of Thebes, seems to whisper, as it passes, the names of Epaminondas and Pindar, and Homer and Orpheus.'

The ruins of Plataea, Leuctra, and perhaps Thespia, were visited on the way to mount Helicon: where the traveller's exemplary inquisitiveness, enterprise, and careful study of the Greek geographers, were rewarded in a very gratifying manner. The usual modern route has been round the base of the mountain to Lebadea; but he was confident there must have been in ancient times, a road across the mountain itself by *Ascra* to Lebadea. He therefore brought under interrogation a number of the Albanian peasants, whose character, manners, domestic habits, and comparative intelligence, he takes this among many other occasions of describing with much commendation; and he was delighted to receive from them information of the existence of an old, partly destroyed, and quite deserted road, ascending through the elevated passes of the mountain. This was eagerly entered upon, and it led to the most romantic and interesting solitary scenes, in which it is every thing but an absolute certainty, that the adventurer found the fountains Aganippe and Hippocrene, and the precise spot where the games sacred to the Muses were celebrated. Proceeding forward, he entered a deep valley surrounded by walls of lofty rugged rocks, and containing a village called *Zagara*, which he accumulates a great number and force of reasons for assuming to be the modern representative of the native town of Hesiod.

The halt at Lebadea gives occasion for a minute and curious description of the social customs, especially at meals, in the houses of the Greeks of distinction; and truly it tends to show how much in vain it is to pretend to speculate, beforehand, on what can, or cannot, be compatible with a state claiming to be called civilization, and enforcing that claim by a most complicated, punctilious, and aristocratical etiquette, in which the important concern of precedence is regulated with a scrupulous formality, not to be excelled by the most polished courts. It is a matter of earnest study and ambition, to display the costliest habiliments; and dirt and vermin form no deduction from the effect of the show. Music is indispensable to the repasts of ceremony; and so little of the spirit of ancient Greece has descended, that the Greek music is pronounced by Dr. C. to be the worst in Europe, excepting perhaps that of Lapland.

Lebadea was not to be quitted without an earnest though unsuccessful attempt to penetrate the *adytum* of Trophonius, every sign and circumstance, however, in whose precincts was severely scrutinized, and with all the aid of the author's learning, and of his remarkable facility and ingenuity of explanation and conjecture.

An excursion was made to Chæroneia and Orchomenus, before setting forward to encounter the enchantments of Delphi, and all Parnassus, the sublimities of which were continually haunting the sight, and with an effect on the imagination so much more commanding than that of the infinitely grander object, the luminary whose radiance those proud and snow-crowned eminences reflected;—but an object beheld without emotion, because it may be beheld every day and every where.

In descending towards Delphi, through some of the defiles of Parnassus, after having surmounted the highest part of the road, the traveller felt how admirably adapted such an avenue must have been to make the previous impressions on the minds, already dismayed, of the pilgrims of superstition.

‘This descent continues uninterruptedly for four hours, through the boldest scenery in the world. The rocks are tremendous in magnitude and height. Precipices every where surround the traveller, except where the view extends through valleys and broken cliffs towards Delphi; giving that powerful solemnity to those scenes of nature, which formerly impressed with religious fear the minds of votaries journeying from the most distant parts of Greece, and here approaching the awful precincts of the Pythian god.’

It would be quite in vain to attempt, in our now diminutive remainder of room, any kind of abstract or account of this eminently interesting portion of the fourth volume. It is full of bold description and classical ardour. Our author investigated all the principal remains of the ancient city, placed in a grand theatrical semicircle hollowed out by nature in the side of the mountain, amid a transcendently noble combination of scenery; and he then ascended to the summit of Parnassus, to contemplate in one vast panorama the greatest part of all Greece.

The next lofty position was the summit of a part of mount Œta, passed on the way to the straits of Thermopylæ; the first remarkable object at the entrance of which was a *tumulus*. After a few remarks on the appearance and situation of this monument, Dr. C. proceeds:

‘It is hardly necessary to allege any additional facts to prove to whom this *tomb* belonged: being the only one that occurs in the whole of this defile, and corresponding precisely, as to its situation by the *military way*, with the accounts given by ancient authors, there can be no doubt that this was the place of burial alluded to by Herodotus, where those heroes were interred who fell in the action of Thermopylæ; and that the *tumulus* itself is the *Polyandrium* mentioned by Strabo, whereon were placed the five stelæ; one of which contained that thrilling epitaph, yet speaking to the hearts of all who love their country.’

The whole of this defile is minutely and luminously described, with constant and most gratifying references of identification to the particulars of its ever memorable history; and with intermingled expressions of emotion and enthusiasm in which it will be admitted on all hands it is hardly possible to be extravagant. No other instance probably, within the compass of pagan history, combines so illustrious a fact with such precisely ascertainable localities. From our author's observations it would seem that, besides the necessary general certainty of the ground in the unchangeable narrow track in a very strait rocky defile, there are several points where some of the circumstances of the history can be connected with the spot to a rood, to a foot.

The physical character of the place, within the pass and about its outlet, is described as in the highest degree loathsome and noxious.

'We looked back towards the passage with regret, marvelling, at the same time, that we should quit with reluctance a place which, without the interest thrown over it by ancient history, would be one of the most disagreeable on earth. Unwholesome air, mephitic exhalations bursting through the rifted and rotten surface of a corrupted soil, as if all the land around were diseased; a filthy and fetid quagmire; "a heaven fat with fogs;" stagnant but reeking pools; hot and sulphureous springs; in short, such a scene of morbid nature, as suggested to the fertile imagination of ancient poets, their ideas of a land poisoned by the "*blood of Nessus*," and that calls to mind their descriptions of Tartarus; can only become delightful from the most powerful circumstances of association.'

It may be gratifying to some better principle than pride, that the mind is thus capable of feeling from a kind of moral character ideally left upon a place by a transaction of a few hours duration several thousands of years since, an impression so powerfully delightful as to set at nought and repel the force of such an assault, from *real* and *immediate* objects, on the physical part of the sentient nature. After any scene of less concentrated moral power and heroic association, it would have been a matter of no ordinary interest to traverse the plain of Pharsalia, where a large sepulchral tumulus was reasonably assumed by our author, to be an indication of the exact field of another mortal strife between despotism and liberty, though with a far less simplicity of principle on the part of the champion of the better cause.

Thessaly is denominated by Dr. C. the 'Yorkshire of ancient Greece,' in allusion to the current pleasantries on the *honesty* of the people of that county: the ancient Thessalians were the subjects of similar compliments; and the country 'has not forfeited,' says our author, 'its archaic character.' The

people, however, might have the conscience to varnish their knavery towards strangers with a little complaisance, and decency of accommodation; whereas, there is not a dog-kennel in England, says Dr. C., 'where a traveller might not lodge more commodiously than in one of their *khans*; and the *cara-vanserais* are yet worse.' He cannot however much mend himself in the other parts of the Turkish empire; for the generality of its places of shelter and refreshment are fairly and even favourably represented by the alluring picture of the hotel at Pharsalus. Receptacles considerably less tolerable awaited our adventurer, at some later stages.

'A dirty square room, the floor covered with dust, and full of holes for rats, without even a vestige of furniture, is all the traveller finds as the place of his repose. If unprovided, there is not the smallest chance of his getting any thing to eat, or even straw to lie upon. In such an apartment we were permitted to pass the night;—unable even to kindle a fire; for they brought us green wood, and we were almost suffocated with smoke;—not to mention the quantity of vermin with which such places always abound, and the chance of plague infection from their filthy walls. This subject is merely touched upon, that persons who have not visited Turkey, may know what they ought to expect before they take a journey thither. Yet, even to all this, weariness, and watchfulness, and shivering cold, and other privations, will at last fully reconcile travellers, and make them long for such a housing. In these places there is no separation of company;—masters and servants, cattle-drivers and guides, and every casual passenger of the road, lie down together.'

Occasions occurred in this and several other parts of the journey, for admiring the unmatchable speed, perseverance, and hardihood of the Tartar couriers, passing between Constantinople and the distant parts of the empire.

Larissa was found to be a rich town, full of ill-disposed people. From this place the route was through the *Valley of Tempe*, the minute and picturesque description of which is intermingled with historical references and philosophical conjecture; and illustrated with a fine view and a most beautiful topographical chart. There is a variety of curious information concerning the industrious and comparatively free inhabitants of the mountain village of Ampelakia, and their manufacture of red cotton thread, and concerning the vast quantity of the *Verde-antico* marble found there, an indication which Dr. C. combines with the other local circumstances, to identify an earlier and somewhat lower site of Ampelakia with the ancient Atrakia, celebrated for its inexhaustible quarries of this beautiful stone.

But the grand predominating feature and wonder of all this region, is Olympus, with its satellites, Ossa and Pelion. This

sublime chief of the mountains of Greece, and of Grecian poetry, had commanded the attention and the reverence of our classical traveller long and often before he reached its precincts, as it is seen from each of the more southern eminences; and it continued a splendid and imposing vision during many long stages of his recession towards the north. Its utmost magnificence is displayed to the spectator contemplating it from a 'small town in the narrow plain between it and the sea, and upon the very roots of the mountain,

'—whose summits tower above it in the highest degree of grandeur which it is possible to conceive. There is no place where the whole outline formed by the many tops of Olympus may be seen to so much advantage as from Katarina. Perhaps they were rendered more distinct in consequence of the snows whereby the mountain was at this time invested. It appeared like one vast *glacier*.'—But after having left this station behind, Dr. C. says, 'We then beheld Olympus, not only in undiminished glory, but seeming of greater magnitude than ever, being without a cloud to obscure any part either of its summit or sides; all its vast masses and deep chasms being displayed, so that the eye might range from its broad base upwards to its craggy tops, now radiant with bright and shining light, reflected from accumulated snows, and contrasted with the dark shadows of its awful bosom. At about half an hour's distance, ascending a hill, we had another noble prospect, but in an opposite direction: it commanded the whole of the Thermæan gulf; mount Athos appearing plainly to the east.'

Information obtained of an accumulation of marble ruins at a place on the mountain, excited an earnest wish to go and examine it; but the petty Turkish tyrant, the *agha* of the district, positively refused permission, in consequence of believing that some former travelling Franks, (Dr. C. surmises that Mr. Tweddell must have been one of them,) had found some treasure among those ruins;—in resentment of which envied discovery and stealth he had ordered all the marbles that tools could master, among those ruins, to be knocked in pieces. And yet, even Dr. C. is among the most indignant of the remonstrants against the measure, with respect to another part of Greece, of removing some of the precious marble remains beyond the reach of such gentry as this *agha*!

On the plain surrounding the extremity of the gulf of Therma, our author recognised, in an immense *tumulus*, an everlasting memorial of the great battle of Pydna, by which Macedonia was reduced to a Roman province. He takes this occasion to remark,

'that there is not a part of Greece which has been rendered illustrious as the field of any memorable battle, but a *tomb* of this

description now remains, as a monument of the place where it was fought. This may be proved with reference to *Marathon*, *Thermopylae*, *Plataea*, *Leuctra*, *Chæronæa*, *Pydna*, and *Pharsalia*. The *Macedonians* and *Greeks*, after their battles with the *Romans*, or with each other, have always done this: but the same custom does not appear to have existed among the *Romans in Italy*, where there are no other *tumuli* than the *barrows* of the *Celts*, which are common to all *Europe* and *Asia*.'

Pydna was rendered notorious by ancient massacres, as well as memorable by the finer, nobler kind of thing denominated a battle; and the unsated 'spirit of the first born Cain,' has received here later libations of blood.

'It was at *Kitros* (the village now on the site of the ancient town) and along the road to *Salonica*, that the French prisoners, when compelled by the Turks to march from the *Morea* to *Constantinople*, suffered every cruelty that the malice of their enemies could inflict. Many of them, after seeing their drooping companions put to death by their conductors, because they were unable, through sickness and fatigue, to continue the route, were constrained to carry the heads of their comrades in sacks, that an accurate return of the whole number might be made upon their arrival in the capital.'

At *Salonica* (*Thessalonica*) the plague was found ravaging with that license of power which the terrible destroyer enjoys throughout the Turkish empire; where, if it were absolutely worshipped as a deity, it might be alleged for the consistency of the people that their god would be worthy of their prophet. Dr. C.'s passion for antiquities led him to the extreme of allowable daring, in examining the ruins in the most infected part of the city. When about to leave *Thessalonica*, he indulged one more long and ardent gaze on the splendours of *Olympus*; and in the way of 'valedictory retrospect of Greece,' he makes a rapid and eloquent enumeration of its most magnificent and enchanting scenes, in the geographical order of a vast imaginary picture; and concludes,

'Thus, though not in all the freshness of its living colours, yet in all its grandeur, doth Greece actually present itself to the mind's eye;—and may the impression never be removed! In the eve of bidding it farewell for ever, as the hope of visiting this delightful country constituted the earliest and the warmest wish of his youth, the author found it to be some alleviation of the regret excited by a consciousness of never returning, that he could thus summon to his recollection the scenes over which he had passed.'

Vol. IV. p. 374.

We had flattered ourselves we should have the management to accomplish, within the space fairly allowed by the limits of our work, a duly proportioned brief survey of the whole of our

traveller's track, quite to the end of the fourth volume. We have failed; and must here prematurely come to a conclusion. In passing over Egypt and Greece, imagination itself is baffled in any attempt at a rapid flight; it is fascinated and brought down to the ground, as birds are said to be by the bright eyes of some serpents; and then it is surrounded, enthralled, and be-mazed, by an infinity of spectres, returned, as from Tartarus and Elysium, to haunt every region, tract, and ruin. It is no easy matter to make an expeditious progress through such an empire of captivating associations, antique solemnities, mysteries, muses, and splendours of nature, with *any* guide; but the difficulty is considerably increased in the company of our author. We suffer a perpetual *incubus*; the potencies of the Chaldean are so strong upon him, that at will, or even involuntarily, he fixes us to stones, or in caves, or in tombs, or on mountain summits, at the mercy of endless companies and flights of ideal shapes.

We shall say, in a very few lines, that the journey was pursued to Constantinople, through very great dangers from the savage robbers and rebels of Thrace; that at Constantinople, an active inquisition was made after antiquities, and every thing else worth seeing and reporting; and that the very entertaining account of the Ottoman capital, is followed by the long journal of the truly grand tour through Bulgaria, Walachia, Transylvania, and Hungary, to Vienna, concluded by a slight notice, in a page or two, of the comparatively home excursion into France in the way to the English shore.

An extended and interesting portion of the volume is employed in describing the gold mines of Hungary; and every stage of the journey is enlivened with entertaining incidents, picturesque descriptions, or sensible or learned observations. We think the last volume the most interesting of the four. The plates, of this volume especially, are excellent; the greater number of them are by Letitia Byrne, and evince great and progressive attainments in the art.

If any distinct estimate were to be made of Dr. Clarke's *style*, it must be acknowledged to be considerably careless and incorrect in construction; and there is an excess, amounting to affectation, in the use of some antique modes of phrase.

- ART. III. 1. *On the Origin of the Vaccine Inoculation.* By Edward Jenner, M. D. F. R. S. &c. London. 1801.
2. *An Oration Delivered before the Medical Society of London, on the Occasion of Presenting Dr. Edward Jenner with a Medal, in Honour of his Discovery of Vaccine Inoculation.* By Dr. Lettsom. London. 1804.
3. *A Comparative Sketch of the Effects of Variolus and Vaccine Inoculation; being an Enumeration of the Facts not generally known, but which will enable the Public to form its own Judgment on the probable Importance of the Jennerian Discovery.* By Thomas Pruen, Esq. London. 1807.

THESE pamphlets are of a very old date,—and do not embrace one tenth of the number which the same subject was the means of calling forth. The promulgation of the Jennerian discovery caused, for some time, a general engagement throughout the lines of the English physicians; and we could fill up all the space we intend to devote to this article with barely enumerating the titles of the works which have been written by a Willan, a Ring, a Moore, a Mosely, a Squirril, and a—host of others whose names we have now forgotten. The three pamphlets, of which we have just transcribed the titles, afford us all the requisite materials for a short account of Dr. Jenner's life; and we shall, therefore, proceed to lay before our readers a brief abstract of their several contents.

Edward Jenner is the son of the Rev. Stephen Jenner, M. A. of Oxford, rector of Rockhampton, and vicar of Berkely, in Gloucestershire,—and was born in the latter place on the 17th day of May, 1749. He lost his father at a very early age; but in the affectionate attentions of his two brothers,—the Rev. John Jenner, B. D. fellow of Magdalen college, Oxford, and the Rev. Henry Jenner, vicar of Great Bedwin, Wilts,—he found almost a sufficient remuneration for his loss. His classical education was received at Cirencester,—and his medical education at Sudbury. In 1770 he took up his residence in London, with John Hunter, the anatomist. As natural history was a collateral department of anatomical study, Dr. Hunter published frequent essays on that subject, during the two years which Jenner spent with him:—the name of his new pupil was always introduced with approbation; and so highly indeed did the doctor rate his investigative powers, that he made him a liberal proposal of co-operation in a course of lectures upon natural history, which he was then preparing to deliver. About the same period a skilful comparative anatomist was wanted to accompany captain Cook in his first projected circumnavigation of the earth. Jenner was pointed out as the person most competent to fulfil such an office; and, although he was tempted by

very liberal offers, his affection for his brother, John Jenner, induced him to reject a proposal which would carry him to such a distance from his native place. He accordingly determined to take up a permanent residence in Berkeley; and to content himself with prosecuting the natural history of his own country. Soon after this resolution was executed he was offered the degree of doctor of physic by the university of Erlington;—but, as the acceptance of the honour would have been incompatible with the discharge of his surgical duties, he was induced to decline the offer.

In a community, however, where uncommon talents are rightly appreciated and rewarded, a person who is naturally inquisitive and observant will, first or last, be elevated into notice. While Jenner was dining with a large party at Bath, some article was introduced which required to be heated by the application of a candle. A question immediately arose,—whether the heat would be imparted more effectually, when the substance was held at a little distance above, or when it was directly immersed in the flame. Jenner requested that the candle might be placed by his side; when he immediately thrust his finger into the flame, and suffered it to remain for some time, without any apparent inconvenience. He then held the same finger a little above it,—and was obliged to withdraw his hand instantly. ‘This, gentlemen,’ said he, ‘is a sufficient test.’ He received the next day a note from general Smith, with the offer of a place in India, which, in the course of two or three years, would have insured him an annuity of 3000*l*. The proposal was submitted to his brother; and non-acceptance was the result of the consultation.

Again, therefore, he retired to his beloved Berkeley,—with a resolution to spend his life in the comparatively inglorious occupation of a country surgeon. About the year 1775, inoculation for the small pox, after the Suttonian method, was very prevalent in Gloucestershire: and it was at this eventful period that Dr. Jenner commenced those investigations which ultimately terminated in the discovery of the vaccine inoculation. The steps which led to the discovery are concisely and perspicuously detailed by his own hand, in one of the pamphlets at the head of this article; and lest we should vitiate or impair the record of so important an event, we shall adopt without abridgment the very words of the Doctor himself.

‘My inquiry into the nature of the cow pox commenced upwards of 25 years ago. My attention to this singular disease was first excited by observing, that among those whom in the country I was frequently called upon to inoculate, many resisted every effort to give them the small pox. These patients I found had undergone

a disease they called the cow pox, contracted by milking cows affected with a peculiar eruption on their teats. On inquiry, it appeared that it had been known among the dairies, time immemorial, and that a vague opinion prevailed that it was a preventive of the small pox. This opinion I found was, comparatively, new among them; for all the older farmers declared they had no such idea in their early days—a circumstance that seemed easily to be accounted for, from my knowing that the common people were very rarely inoculated for the small pox, till that practice was rendered general by the improved method introduced by the Suttons: so that the working people in the dairies were seldom put to the test of the preventive powers of the cow pox.

‘In the course of the investigation of this subject, which, like all others of a complex and intricate nature, presented many difficulties, I found that some of those *who seemed to have undergone the cow pox*, nevertheless, on inoculation with the small pox, felt its influence just the same as if no disease had been communicated to them by the cow. This occurrence led me to inquire among the medical practitioners in the country around me, who all agreed in this sentiment, that the cow pox was not to be relied upon as a certain preventive of the small pox. This for a while damped, but did not extinguish, my ardour; for as I proceeded, I had the satisfaction to learn that the cow was subject to some varieties of spontaneous eruptions upon her teats; that they were all capable of communicating sores to the hands of the milkers; and that whatever sore was derived from the animal, was called in the dairy the cow pox. Thus I surmounted a great obstacle, and, in consequence, was led to form a distinction between these diseases, one of which only I have denominated the *true*, the others the *spurious*, cow pox, as they possess no specific power over the constitution. This impediment to my progress was not long removed, before another, of far greater magnitude in its appearances, started up. There were not wanting instances to prove, that when the true cow pox broke out among the cattle at a dairy, a person who had milked an infected animal, and had thereby apparently gone through the disease in common with others, was liable to receive the small pox afterwards. This, like the former obstacle, gave a painful check to my fond and aspiring hopes: but reflecting that the operations of nature are generally uniform, and that it was not probable the human constitution (having undergone the cow pox) should in some instances be perfectly shielded from the small pox, and in many others remain unprotected, I resumed my labours with redoubled ardour. The result was fortunate; for I now discovered that the virus of cow pox was liable to undergo progressive changes, from the same causes precisely as that of small pox; and that when it was applied to the human skin in its degenerated state, it would produce the ulcerative effects in as great a degree as when it was not decomposed, and sometimes far greater; but having lost *its specific properties*, it

was incapable of producing that change upon the human frame which is requisite to render it unsusceptible of the variolous contagion: so that it became evident a person might milk a cow one day, and having caught the disease, be for ever secure; while another person, milking the same cow the next day, might feel the influence of the virus in such a way, as to produce a sore or sores, and in consequence of this might experience an indisposition to a considerable extent; yet, as has been observed, the specific quality being lost, the constitution would receive no peculiar impression.

‘Here the close analogy between the virus of small pox and of cow pox becomes remarkably conspicuous; since the former, when taken from a recent pustule, and immediately used, gives the perfect small pox to the person on whom it is inoculated: but when taken in a far advanced stage of the disease, or when (although taken early) previously to its insertion, it be exposed to such agents as, according to the established laws of nature, cause its decomposition, it can no longer be relied on as effectual. This observation will fully explain the source of those errors which have been committed by many inoculators of the cow pox. Conceiving the whole process to be so extremely simple, as not to admit of a mistake, they have been heedless about the state of the vaccine virus; and finding it limpid, as part of it will be, even in an advanced stage of the pustule, when the greater portion has been converted into a scab, they have felt an improper confidence, and sometimes mistaken a spurious pustule, which the vaccine fluid in this state is capable of exciting, for that which possesses the perfect character.

‘During the investigation of the casual cow pox, I was struck with the idea that it might be practicable to propagate the disease by inoculation, after the manner of the small pox, first from the cow, and finally from one human being to another. I anxiously waited some time for an opportunity of putting this theory to the test. At length the period arrived. The first experiment was made upon a lad of the name of Phipps, in whose arm a little vaccine virus was inserted, taken from the hand of a young woman who had been accidentally infected by a cow. Notwithstanding the resemblance which the pustule, thus excited on the boy’s arm, bore to variolous inoculation, yet as the indisposition attending it was barely perceptible, I could scarcely persuade myself the patient was secure from the small pox. However, on his being inoculated some months afterwards, it proved that he was secure.* This case inspired me with confidence; and as soon as I could again furnish myself with virus from the cow, I made an arrangement for a series of inoculations. A number of children

* This boy was inoculated nearly at the expiration of five years afterwards with variolous matter, but no other effect was produced beyond a local inflammation around the punctured part upon the arm.

were inoculated in succession, one from the other; and after several months had elapsed, they were exposed to the infection of the small pox; some by inoculation, others by variolous effluvia, and some in both ways; but they all resisted it. The result of these trials gradually led me into a wider field of experiment, which I went over not only with great attention, but with painful solicitude. This became universally known through a treatise published in June 1798. The result of my further experience was also brought forward in subsequent publications in the two succeeding years, 1799 and 1800. The distrust and scepticism which naturally arose in the minds of medical men, on my first announcing so unexpected a discovery, has now nearly disappeared. Many hundreds of them, from actual experience, have given their attestations that the inoculated cow pox proves a perfect security against the small pox; and I shall probably be within compass if I say, thousands are ready to follow their example; for the scope that this inoculation has now taken is immense. An hundred thousand persons, upon the smallest computation, have been inoculated in these realms. The numbers who have partaken of its benefits throughout Europe and other parts of the globe are incalculable: and it now becomes too manifest to admit of controversy, that the annihilation of the small pox, the most dreadful scourge of the human species, must be the final result of this practice.'

We shall not adventure very deeply into the controversy which was occasioned by the discovery of the vaccine inoculation. Like every other valuable improvement, it had to struggle its way into general adoption; and though its utility is now pretty universally acknowledged, there are not wanting a few tenacious enemies who yet keep up an occasional and scattered opposition. That the Jennerian inoculation, in the most unlimited sense of the word, can be considered as an infallible preventive of the small pox, it would be foolish to imagine;—inasmuch as we have it from the discoverer's own pen, that the virus of the cow pox is liable to decomposition, and may often produce the ulcerative effects, without making sufficient 'impression on the constitution' to secure it against the attacks of the small pox: but that if administered by skilful hands and with the genuine virus, it is in almost every,—perhaps we may say, in every case, a security against the variolous infection, we think has been abundantly demonstrated.—In order to put our readers in possession of some of the leading facts relative to the merits of the respective modes of treatment, we shall proceed to give a concise view of the pamphlet entitled, *A Comparative Sketch of the Effects of Variolous, and Vaccine Inoculation.*

In the first section we have a statement of the mortality occasioned by the natural small pox. It appears, that, of those infected *in the natural way*, one out of six are, upon an average,

brought to the grave; and that, of those inoculated, about *one* in one hundred and fifty* are generally carried off. Before the Jennerian discovery, it is computed that in Great Britain alone, forty thousand people fell victims to the small pox every year. In 1520 the same pestiferous disease swept away nearly one half of the inhabitants of New Spain;—in 1733 it nearly depopulated Greenland;—in 1793 it carried off, in *six* weeks, no less than five thousand four hundred persons in the Isle of France;—and in a few years afterwards, it drove from their settlements a tribe of Esquimaux on the coast of Labrador,—who on their return, found their village a desert covered with the white bones of five hundred human beings. On Russia the small pox laid annually a tax of two millions of inhabitants. Of those infected in Constantinople one half usually died. The capital of Thibet was deserted three years in consequence of the appearance of the disorder; the villages of Ceylon were usually left in the same manner and for the same reason; and throughout the whole of India its effects were equally alarming and terrific. All over the globe, in short, wherever the small pox has made its appearance, every effect of the most destructive plague has usually followed in the train.

Section the Second is devoted to the consideration of the effects produced by the small pox inoculation. And here we have the striking observation—that although, since the inoculation, a far less proportion of a given number infected are the victims of the disease; yet, as the prevalence now is incalculably greater than it was before, the total number who die annually is considerably augmented. In other words, the proportional number is diminished,—while the actual number is increased. Antecedently to the inoculative system, the appearance of the small pox made one half of the inhabitants desert their dwellings, and caused those who stayed at home to be extremely circumspect and cautious about catching the infection. But as soon as its fatality was in part prevented by inoculation, no person took any anxious measures to avoid the disorder. It was the common reflection that one might as well have it first as last; and, accordingly, in places where in former times the small pox had only appeared at intervals of from twenty to thirty and forty years, hardly a single adult now existed who had not received the inoculation. ‘Every year thousands undergo this operation (says lady Mary Wortley Montague): and

* In some publications, and in one part of that under consideration, the number is stated at two hundred and fifty. We have preferred the one given in the text,—because Mr. Pruen is inclined to disbelieve the assertion of the Bramins,—that they were enabled to save one in two hundred of their inoculated patients; a disbelief which would be obviously unfounded, if English inoculators lost only one in two hundred and fifty.

the French ambassador says, pleasantly, that they take the small pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries.' Dr. Lettsom found upon comparing the bills of mortality in London, that,—whereas during the forty-two years between 1667 and 1722, before the small-pox was inoculated, only seventy-two in one thousand were carried off by that disorder,—during the forty-two years between 1731 and 1772, while the small pox inoculation was in full practice, the proportion was as great as eighty-nine in one thousand. Similar results were obtained upon collating the bills of mortality in other places; and the general conclusion is, that of all the deaths in Great Britain, about *one in ten* was occasioned by the small pox. Of those inoculated in London, Dr. Ring computed that one in a hundred was carried off in consequence of 'the unwholesomeness of the air, and of the frequent necessity of inoculating children at an improper age.' In France the proportion between the whole number of deaths, and the number of those occasioned by the small pox, was about one in fourteen. During the year 1802 no less than a third of the total number of deaths in Paris were occasioned by this one disease. And it is pretty evident, upon the whole, that inoculation had rather enhanced, than diminished the evil.

We have, in Section Third, an account of the Jennerian discovery, and of the rapidity with which vaccination was propagated to every corner of the earth. In less than six years after the promulgation of the discovery, it is supposed that more persons received the cow pox, than had ever been inoculated for the small pox. National antipathies, which would have prevented the diffusion of almost any other discovery, were no obstacle at all to the general adoption of the Jennerian inoculation. It soon spread all over France; and was propagated thence in every direction throughout the other continent. In 1799, only a year after the discovery, Dr. Waterhouse obtained the name of the Jenner of America, by introducing vaccination among ourselves:—and thus by means the most pacific imaginable, Jenner is perhaps the only individual who has ever achieved any thing like an universal empire. The 'goddess Vaccina,' to adopt his own system of mythology, has more worshippers than all the rest of the fabulous deities put together.

Section Fourth—'The Progress of Vaccination in Great Britain and Ireland.' Vaccine inoculation made its way the slowest among Dr. Jenner's own countrymen; though, with all the opposition it had to encounter, its progress was sufficiently rapid to demonstrate the general opinion of its utility. Societies were established for its propagation; and not only the whole medical

faculty, but ladies, clergymen, and country gentlemen, assumed the lancet, and bore a hand in the benevolent undertaking.* It would, perhaps, be absolutely impossible to estimate the numbers who have been vaccinated, even in Great Britain;—much less in every part of the globe. It may suffice to say, that neither in England, nor in America, can be found hardly a single adult individual who does not bear the marks of the operation.

The Fifth Section is ‘On the Comparative Merits of the Variolous, and Vaccine Inoculation.’ The superiority of the latter over the former appears in the fact,—that, even were the variolous granted to be as efficacious as the vaccine inoculation, the loathsome and painful circumstances which attend the former would be an adequate inducement for its discontinuance. Besides being infectious when inoculated, the small pox not unfrequently excites the scrofula; proves almost always mortal to very young patients; and, in four cases out of five, is fatal to women in a state of pregnancy,—while hardly one fœtus in twenty escapes the fate of its mother. Those who do not go down to the dark mansion of death, are in a great many instances immured in the living grave of absolute blindness;—and thus, on whatever side we view the subject, we see the variolous inoculation beset with such horrors as hardly to render its beneficial effects a topic of much congratulation. But, on the other hand, vaccination is the most innocent of all remedies; and while its cures are effected with ten times—nay, perhaps, with a hundred times, as much certainty as the other,—it does not, like the small pox, disfigure the body, and leave behind it any detrimental or disagreeable affection. The Jennerian inoculation is not, as we said before, an infallible specific;—but, in the circumstance of its fallibility, it is pre-

* ‘All the requisite knowledge (says Dr. Willan, one of the earliest and most zealous champions of vaccination) may possibly be obtained by clergymen, ladies, and country gentlemen; but as many incidental circumstances will occur, requiring chirurgical attention, the management of the operation, with responsibility, should be generally left to surgeons; who likewise deserve their reward, since, by adopting and encouraging the new practice, they have abandoned what has for centuries been the most lucrative part of their profession.’ To these sensible remarks, we may subjoin the testimony of Dr. Jenner himself. ‘Although vaccine inoculation (says he, in a paper communicated to the Medical Journal, for August, 1804) does not inflict a severe disease, but, on the contrary, produces a mild affection, scarcely meriting the term ‘disease,’ yet, nevertheless, the inoculator should be extremely careful to obtain a just and clear conception of this important branch of medical science. He should not only be acquainted with the laws and agencies of the vaccine virus on the constitution, but those of the variolous also, as they often interfere with each other. A general knowledge of the subject is not sufficient to warrant a person to practise vaccine inoculation; he should possess a particular knowledge.’

cisely on a par with the small pox: and, indeed, there is no article in the whole *materia medica*, which will not fail of effecting its cure, if improperly composed or unskilfully administered.—In the early part of the controversy which was excited by the discovery of vaccine matter, it was objected, that, although the new inoculation might be efficacious for a time, the duration of its efficacy would be very short and temporary;—and that, moreover, even its efficacy had never been tested by the epidemical prevalence of the small pox. The first objection was evidently a subterfuge; intended merely to prevent the practice of vaccination, by referring to a species of testimony which years alone could produce. The second objection was the most ingenious;—inasmuch as if the small pox should once rage *epidemically* after the vaccine practice, the inefficacy of that mode was demonstrated at once: and thus the opponents of the Jennerian remedy took for granted the very fact, which would have been the last to be conceded by the other side.

Section Sixth is devoted to the enumeration of the ‘Testimonies in favour of Vaccine Inoculation.’ It is rightly observed, that the most unequivocal testimony is the universal prevalence of the practice:—but then it is gratifying to receive the direct and tangible evidence of public societies,—the resolutions, the medals, and the diplomas, which came pouring upon the discoverer, like the hats and bonnets that suffocated Draco as he entered the Aeginian theatre. It will be impossible to enumerate them all: and we can only take them in the gross, by saying that, up to 1804, the addresses, resolutions, &c. amounted to about thirty-five; the diplomas to about twenty; and the medals, &c. to more than a dozen. The medal presented by the medical society of London, bore on one side the following inscription:—

Don. Soc. Med. Lond. An. Salut. 1773.

Insit.

E. Jenner, M. D.

Socio suo eximio

ob

Vaccinationem

Exploratam.

But even before the promulgation of his discovery of vaccination, Dr. Jenner had made himself known to the scientific world, by a paper in the *Philosophical Transactions* (1788), intitled ‘Observations on the Natural History of the Cuckoo.’ He has always been very strongly attached to the study of natural history,—of that department, particularly, which embraces

ornithology; and he has several times suggested the outlines of a paper on the subject,—which his numerous avocations, however, have not left him sufficient time to compose. About the year 1789 he was elected a fellow of the royal society; and in 1792 he took the diploma of doctor of physic.—Nothing, however, could have power to draw him from the Tusculanean retreat of Berkeley;—where he still continued in the unambitious capacity of a country physician, and devoted a part of his time to the gratuitous vaccination of the indigent poor. There can be no better picture of a benevolent man than that which is drawn in the following letter to Dr. Lettsom, from a friend who had been to visit Jenner.

‘About nine o’clock in the morning, I arrived at Berkeley, and immediately waited on my friend. He was just sitting down to breakfast. After the usual congratulations and inquiries respecting our common friends were over, I joined him in the repast of which he was about to partake. Our conversation, as might be expected, did not dwell long on other topics, but soon hastened to that important subject which has for some time arrested the attention of mankind, I mean the discovery of vaccine inoculation. I heard with much regret of the obstacles which envy, prejudice, and ignorance had raised to impede the progress of this salutary practice, and with heartfelt pleasure of its extensive and rapid propagation through almost every country of the globe. The parlour, in which we were sitting, looked into an agreeable lawn, one side of which ran a walk, here and there perceptible between trees, till at length it was completely lost in a thick bower. I had observed, during our conversation, a great number of females, with children in their arms or by their sides, passing down the walk, and proceeding forward into the bower, which interrupted them from my view. The circumstance very much excited my curiosity; and I could not forbear interrupting the conversation to inquire of my friend what it meant. It has been my custom for some time, said he, to set apart one morning in the week for inoculating the poor; and this being the appointed day, the people you see are come from the adjacent villages on that account. You wonder, perhaps, continued he, to see them go so regularly into the bower and disappear; I will explain it to you. In the midst of those trees is a small mansion, built in the cottage style; it consists of one room only; and was erected for the purpose of giving a rural appearance to that part of my garden. I have lately converted it into a place of utility; and the people who come to be inoculated assemble there, and wait until I come among them. It is for this reason I have given my little cottage the name of the Temple of Vaccina; and like a faithful priest, added he, smiling, I am always anxious to find it filled with worshippers. But after breakfast you shall go with me, and see in what manner we proceed. I agreed to the proposal with pleasure, and in a few

minutes we both rose up, and went together to the cottage. We found it almost full of poor people with their children. My friend first examined the arms of those he had inoculated the week before, and then inoculated others, strictly enjoining the parents to bring them the next appointed day. I felt a mixture of pain and entertainment in hearing some of the poor villagers express their apprehensions respecting the benefit which vaccine inoculation afforded them, and relate the prejudices of their rustic neighbours. But the doctor very well understands the art of dealing with their prejudices; and it gave me great pleasure to observe the gentle and effectual manner with which he endeavoured to sooth their minds. It is a pleasing reflection, said he, after they were gone out, that these poor children are for ever secured from the dreadful evils which the disease I am striving to exterminate might have brought upon them: and when I consider the multitudes of the human race who have already availed themselves of the benefit, which I had the felicity to announce to mankind, and those who will hereafter avail themselves of it, my pleasure is so great, and my gratitude towards that Being whom I know to be the author of every blessing is so lively, that I can scarcely express either the one or the other. You have, said I, good reason to feel so: and with regard to your little temple here, reverting to the appellation which he had given to his cottage, it is a fortunate thing for us, that the system of polytheism has given place to the dictates of truth, else Vaccina would have been introduced as a new deity to the world, and men, if they regarded the advantages which she produced, would have done homage in this rural mansion, with greater delight and veneration than in the most magnificent and sumptuous temples that ever attracted the admiration of Greece and Rome.'

Indeed benevolence and generosity seem to be the predominant traits in the character of Dr. Jenner. He might have rendered himself the richest individual in the world, had he chosen to husband his discovery; but, so far was he from coveting emolument at all, that he voluntarily subscribed one thousand guineas to fit out a ship for the transportation of the cow pox into India. On various other occasions the same generosity has manifested itself. He always contributed a liberal proportion towards the relief of any of his profession, when they became indigent or embarrassed. On one occasion Dr. Lettsom informed him of the pecuniary difficulties with which one of the faculty was obliged to struggle, and proposed to contribute a mite in conjunction with him in order to disembarass the unfortunate physician. Dr. Jenner does not appear to be a man of many words; and after expressing his cordial willingness to co-operate with Dr. L. he soon turned the conversation on some other topic:—but the next day he wrote his associate the following laconic and characteristic note:—

‘I write this note just to propose an amendment with respect to the sum for the use of our friend. Will you let it be fifty instead of thirty guineas? Yes.

‘E. Jenner.’

We hope we shall not be obliged to contend, at this time in the day, that Jenner is a great, as well as a good man. There seems, indeed, at first sight, to be something extremely removed from worldly glory both in the discovery, and in the dissemination of vaccine matter:—and yet if we consider the subject in reference to the amount of good which the Jennerian inoculation has produced,—and this is the standard to which all achievements should be reduced,—we think the discoverer of vaccination is fully entitled to a place among the greatest of men. Nor should the lowly origin of the specific be considered as detractive of his merit; for if Newton owes his celebrity to an apple, and Franklin to a kite, surely Jenner should not be thrust down, because the whole current of his benevolent works is traceable to no more dignified a source than the teat of a cow.

ART. IV.—*Conversations on Political Economy; in which the Elements of that Science are familiarly explained.* By the author of “*Conversations on Chemistry.*” 12mo. pp. x, 464. Price 9s. Longman and Co. 1816.—To be republished by M. Thomas.—From the Eclectic Review.

IT is not so easy a matter as might at first be supposed, for one intimately acquainted with a science, to introduce another even to the elements of it. He may begin at the beginning, define terms, lay down general principles, deduce particular truths, and go on regularly, clearing as he goes, and leaving nothing for an after parenthesis; and yet, only overwhelm the memory, perplex the reason, and ultimately disgust his pupil with the subject. Such a plan is, no doubt, the most natural to the tutor, and the most proper for any one, who, in some degree already acquainted with the subject, should yet wish to refresh his memory upon it. He knows how the terms defined are to come into play, and whither the general principles tend; and, therefore, *what he is about.* He sees that the arrangement is, perhaps, the best that can be adopted for the science abstractly considered, the one that will most concisely develop truth, and is least liable to lead into repetition;—and he has that satisfaction which arises from the contemplation of order.

A mind totally unacquainted with the subject, knows nothing of all this. With such a one, we will venture to say, the most concise and least repetitious method, is not the best: the one

which most regularly develops the science, is not the most philosophical. The most philosophical, because the most natural method, is that which accommodates itself to the mind of the learner; the best teacher is he who can most fully put himself in the pupil's place. Such a teacher, we imagine, would open a way into any science, by some observation likely to occur to an uninstructed and inquisitive mind;—as upon the flight of a stone, the weight of a body, the game of see-saw, in the mechanics;—the circumnavigation of the globe, or the vicissitude of day and night, in astronomy;—the freezing of water, or the working of a steam-engine, in chemistry:—no matter what the observation, so that it involves some grand principle of the science. By *leading* questions he will draw the pupil to the development of the principle; and place it full before him; he will follow, or in seeming to follow, he will in some measure direct the course of the pupil's mind; making observations, tracing consequences, starting objections. In such an introduction to a science, the form of dialogue is obviously very desirable.

We are very glad to meet with our old friend, Mrs. B. again. We know *no one* under whose guidance we should rather place a beginner in chemistry or political economy. The 'conversations on chemistry' stand in no need of any praise of ours. For its luminous order,—its power, we mean, of making a child think luminously upon the subject, and then aptly following up the train of thought thus excited,—its beautiful illustrations, its pertinent experiments, its natural and well-bred dialogue, and its easy and graceful style, it stands at the very top of the scientific library of the school-room. It is the best praise we can give to the work before us, to say that it is fully worthy of its predecessor. From such a work it is difficult to know what to quote. It makes no pretensions to originality of matter, and of the arrangement of course, we can give no specimen. We shall venture at random. Caroline objects to the substitution of machinery for human industry, as tending to throw the poor out of employment.

‘*Mrs. B.* It may appear paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that whatever abridges and facilitates labour will *eventually* increase the demand for labourers.

‘*Caroline.* Or, in other words, to turn people out of work is the most certain means of procuring them employment!—This is precisely the objection I was making to the introduction of new machinery.

‘*Mrs. B.* The invention of machinery, I allow, is at first attended with some partial and temporary inconvenience and hardship; but on the other hand, the advantages resulting from it are almost incalculable both in extent and duration. When any new

machine or process whatever which abridges or facilitates labour, is adopted, the commodity produced by it falls in price, the low price enables a greater number of persons to become purchasers, the demand for it increases, and the supply augments in proportion; so that eventually more hands are employed in its fabrication than were previous to the adoption of the new process. When, for instance, the machine for weaving stockings was first invented, it was considered a severe hardship on those who had earned a maintenance by knitting them; but the superior facility with which stockings were made in the loom, rendered them so much cheaper, that those, who before were unable to purchase them, could now indulge in the comfort of wearing them, and the prodigious increase of demand for stockings enabled all the knitters to gain a livelihood, by spinning the materials that were to be woven into stockings.

‘*Caroline.* That was a resource in former times, but household spinning is scarcely ever seen since Arkwright’s invention of spinning-jennies. Where are spinners now to find employment? The improvement in machinery drive these poor workmen from one expedient to another, till I fear at last every resource will be exhausted.

‘*Mrs. B.* No; that cannot be the cause. Where there is capital the poor will always find employment. In countries possessed of great wealth we see prodigious works undertaken. Roads cut through hills, canals uniting distant rivers, magnificent bridges, splendid edifices, and a variety of other enterprises which give work to thousands, independently of the usual employment of capital in agriculture, manufacturies, and trade. What is the reason of all this? It is in order that the rich may employ their capital; for in a secure and free government no man will suffer any part of it to lie idle; the demand for labour is therefore proportioned to the extent of capital. Industry, we have already observed, knows no other limits. The capitalist who employs a new machine is no doubt the immediate gainer by it; but it is the public who derives from it the greatest and most lasting advantage. It is they who profit by the diminution of the price of the goods fabricated by the machine; and singular as it may appear, no class of the public receives greater benefit from the reduction of those processes which abridge manual labour, than the working classes, as it is they who are most interested in the cheapness of goods.’ pp. 107—110.

ART. V.—*The Danger of the Smallest Deviation from Truth Illustrated: a Story founded on Fact.* By Augustus Von Kotzebue.—From Ackerman’s Repository.

WHEN I was at B * * *, I took a walk one morning in the park, accompanied by a friend. We chanced to pass a summer-house, in which were seated two young and beautiful

females, the one in deep mourning, with her handkerchief to her eyes, the other in morning *negligee*, drawing figures upon the sand with the point of her parasol. Neither of them observed us. 'Do you know those ladies?' said I to my friend. 'O, yes!' he replied; 'she in mourning is the widow of captain B——, and the other is the countess of S——. They have been friends from their childhood, but affliction has now united them more closely than ever.' My curiosity was excited; we sat down upon a bench, and he related what follows:—

Emily and Laura were educated together. They were of the same rank and age, and both equally amiable. The only difference between them consisted in Emily's wealth and Laura's poverty. Both, however, were rich in qualities of the mind and heart, and in due time both attracted admirers. Among other young men who were introduced to their notice, was captain B——. He was more indebted to the kindness of nature, who had given him a handsome person and the sweetest disposition, than to fortune, who had been more sparing of her favours. Long did his heart waver between Emily and Laura, but at length fixed upon the former. Possibly he might not himself have been able to account for this choice; but those who were acquainted with him, well knew that self-interest was not the motive. This feeling, however, operated the more strongly on Emily's father; for though his daughter was really attached to the captain, yet she was so incessantly lectured on the subject of filial obedience and submission to the will of parents, that the gentle creature at length yielded, and promised to stifle the growing passion. To second this resolution as much as possible, her father sent her to a distant country seat, where she languished a whole year in solitary seclusion. Her flowers, her pigeons, and her correspondence with Laura, were her sole amusements. Her father allowed her to read no novels, and he acted wisely, as she would otherwise have scarcely succeeded so well in banishing the captain from her thoughts. In her own letters, as well as in those of her friend, his name was likewise interdicted, as they passed through her father's hands; and as they came from a country infected with the pestilence of love, he never failed to open them first, in order to preserve Laura from the contagion.

Though Emily had quitted the town, still the number of her admirers did not decline, for her fortune was left behind. She resembled the invisible deity of the Athenians, on whose altars the votaries offered sacrifice without knowing how he looked. Many, indeed, wished for an opportunity of becoming person-

ally acquainted with her; and those who knew her were anxious to see her again: but a considerable time elapsed before her father would consent to gratify these desires. At length young S—— made his appearance. He was a rich count, who had seen the great Pitt—I mean the diamond known by that name—had dined with Vergennes, and been blown up with one of the floating batteries at Gibraltar; and in other respects a tolerably good sort of a man, who was fond of his poodle, and settled an annuity on his superannuated tutor. He occasionally read books, and always took the tone from the last he had perused. This young man had presented himself as a suitor to Emily, or rather to Emily's father, who could not resist his charms, and appointed a rendezvous in the country. The fair Emily was just feeding her pigeons when a fine carriage drove up to the door; a fine gentleman stepped out of it, and said many fine things to her. Her father, at the same time, gave her to understand, that this was the knight who was come to deliver the captive princess from the enchanted castle. Now let a young lady be ever so fond of her pigeons, it is ten to one that she is much fonder of liberty. It is therefore no wonder, especially as the count was agreeable enough, and as Emily was anxious to be delivered from her dungeon, that in a few weeks she signified her compliance with her father's wishes. After the honey moon, the young count found a residence in the country rather dull; the countess agreed with him; the steeds were harnessed, and away they drove to town.

Laura was sincerely rejoiced to see her friend again, and captain B—— the very reverse; for no sooner had he succeeded in banishing Emily's image from his heart, than her sudden re-appearance threatened to replace it there in glowing colours. He met Emily in company, bowed respectfully, and turned pale: Emily courtesied low, and blushed. The captain stammered forth a congratulation which nobody understood, and Emily an answer which nobody heard. 'What is to be done?' thought the captain, on his return home at night; 'shall I torment myself to no purpose? or shall I strive to seduce the count's young wife? Neither the one nor the other. I will look out for some other female, who shall make the world, if not a paradise, at least tolerable to me. The sweet fruits of Hymen are not brought to maturity only in the hot-house of love, they grow also in the shade of reason. Nor have I far to look; happiness is generally nearer to us than we imagine. Laura is an amiable creature, domestic and unaffected. I will marry Laura.' With this resolution he closed his eyes, and with this resolution he awoke. 'I love you dearly,' said he, the next evening to Laura, 'can you love me?' Laura had long

loved him, though she had concealed her passion; she had now no longer any cause to dissemble, and in less than a month they were man and wife. They were happy too, though no maidens dressed in white strewed flowers at their wedding; and as the dispositions of both were naturally amiable, happy they continued to be till the demon of jealousy interfered to disturb their happiness.

It was perfectly natural that the captain should not be able to view Emily with total indifference; and it was equally natural that Emily should still feel some interest for the captain. He saw in her a charming woman, who, but for her father's prohibition, would have been his wife: she beheld in him an amiable man, whose first love she had been, and—as her vanity whispered—perhaps still was. Neither ever indulged in the most distant hint at their former situation, but he spoke with more shyness to her than to any other woman; and she answered him with greater embarrassment than any other man. Their behaviour did not escape the notice of the young count, in whom it excited considerable uneasiness. As he had just been reading a novel, in which a sensible husband had by a generous confidence prevented his wife from dishonouring herself, he determined to conceal his disquietude, and even pretended to be pleased when Emily paid frequent visits to Laura. ‘Why don’t you go to see Laura?’ he would sometimes say. ‘Tis a long time since you visited her. It is my wish that you should not neglect your friend.’ This was the *first white lie* (as it is commonly called) that paved the way to the subsequent catastrophe. The strange behaviour of her husband and her friend had equally forced itself upon Laura’s notice, and had given her no less uneasiness. She was ashamed, however, to confess it to either. The captain, indeed, once asked, in a moment of confidence, ‘Are you inclined to be jealous?’ and she replied with a laugh, ‘O, no!’—This was the *second* untruth on which the demon of mischief built his plan.

The winter passed pretty quietly. The fire glowed under the ashes. One day in the following spring, the young count was invited to a party of pleasure in the country. The person who gave the invitation was a bachelor, an inveterate enemy to the sex even in spring, and whose convivial parties therefore consisted entirely of men. The count was not to return till the next morning. Emily was left at home a prey to *ennui*. In this situation she received a message from Laura, who sent her word that her husband would be on duty that night, that he would not return home till towards morning, and therefore she would be glad if Emily would spend the evening with her. Emily rejoiced in the prospect of passing a few hours

agreeably, and complied. Her bookseller had just sent her the first two volumes of one of the most interesting novels that had appeared for many years. These she took with her to her friend's, and on her arrival there sent home her carriage. The ladies diverted themselves in the most innocent manner, and after supper Emily proposed to read for half an hour longer. Half an hour was prolonged to an hour, and one hour to two. The book became more fascinating the farther she proceeded; Emily forgot to send for her carriage; and it was three o'clock in the morning when the captain returned, and found her still engaged in reading. The ladies were frightened when they heard how late it was. Emily snatched up her gloves and shawl, requested her friend to send for a hackney coach, and hurried away. The captain, of course, handed her to it; and what was perfectly natural, requested permission to attend her home, as he could not think of suffering her to go alone. She declined his offer, but he persisted. Emily became embarrassed. 'If,' thought she, 'I accept his company, I shall be, for the length of four or five streets, in the most painful situation, alone with a man who (loath as I am to confess it) is not wholly indifferent to me. Should I refuse, he may perhaps fancy that I am afraid of him.' This last consideration revolted her pride, her pride overcame her fears, and she consented. Laura was thrilled by a most unpleasant sensation. Her husband alone with Emily! the way not short! the morning fine! She turned away, and strove to conceal the pangs of jealousy under the disguise of affected carelessness. 'Make haste and begone!' cried she, yawning, 'I can scarcely keep my eyes open: and as for you, my dear,' added she, addressing the captain, 'don't disturb me when you come home, for I shall certainly be asleep.' This was the *third* white lie, for she had never felt less disposed to sleep than at this moment. She was ashamed of her jealousy, and false shame is ever accompanied by her sister untruth.

Emily and the captain were presently seated in the coach. It had long been broad day-light: the sun rose in cloudless splendour, and gilded the tops of the church steeples; the cocks crew, the hair-dressers began to run about the streets, and here and there a shop-door opened. Emily was desirous of bringing forward some indifferent subject for conversation; she therefore said the first thing that came into her head, and this was the *fourth* white lie. 'What a charming morning!' exclaimed she; 'I should prefer a ride in the park to going home.'—'You have only to command,' replied the captain, unconscious of any improper feeling: 'coachman, drive to the park!' Emily was frightened. She had no serious wish to gad about the park.

Again, should any one see her, at that early hour, alone with the captain, what would people think of her? She fortunately devised a method of extricating herself from this new embarrassment. 'Hard by,' said she, 'lives my cousin, who is fond of morning rides: we will call for her, and take her with us.'—'By all means,' replied the captain. The coachman was ordered to drive to the cousin's, and in two minutes they were at the door. After long knocking and ringing, a servant at length made his appearance, and informed them, yawning, that his mistress was not yet stirring. 'She must be roused then,' said Emily. 'Allow me, captain, to leave you for a moment. I'll go up to her myself.' Alighting from the coach, away she tripped up stairs, burst into her cousin's chamber, and hastily drew her curtains. 'Dear cousin,' said she, 'you must come and take a ride immediately. I have left captain B—— below in the coach; I can't get rid of him; he insists on accompanying me, and I should not like to be seen alone with him. Make haste! dress yourself, and come along with us!' Her poor cousin, however, having taken a violent cold, peremptorily refused. 'Rather stay with me to breakfast,' said she, 'and let the captain return home.'—'Any thing in the world,' rejoined Emily, 'to escape his troublesome politeness.' She accordingly sent down a message, excusing herself from going any farther, on account of her cousin's cold, and requested the captain to let the coach take him home.

The captain preferred walking. He alighted. 'If I go home,' thought he, 'I shall only disturb my wife; the idea of a ramble in the park this delicious morning is too good to be lost, and I will execute it alone.' He accordingly strolled to the park, where he sauntered up one alley and down another. Emily staid scarcely half an hour at her cousin's. 'By this time,' thought she, throwing herself into the carriage of the latter, 'the captain is snug in his bed. The morning is truly charming; the sun has dried up the dew; I feel no inclination to sleep, and will take a walk in earnest.' In ten minutes she actually alighted in the park, and in the eleventh she met the captain. She was alarmed and perplexed beyond measure upon discovering him. She could not with decency avoid him, as he had already perceived her. What would he think in that case? Why, either that she despised or feared him! The first her heart forbade, the second her pride. Like a female familiar with the tone of the great world, she mustered all her self-command, and went up to him laughing. 'Women are capricious creatures, captain, an't they? One moment they will, and the next they won't. Ask not, therefore, how I happen to be here just now? I can assign no other reason but my whim.'

Fate seems to have decreed that we should spend this morning together, so lend me your arm.' With affected *nonchalance*, and conversing with feigned cheerfulness on the most ordinary topics, she walked up and down with him for about half an hour. The sky then began to be overcast, and Emily gladly seized this pretext for relieving herself from the oppressive constraint of her situation. 'Remember me to your wife,' said she, sprung into the carriage, and hastened home.

Fate decreed that the old bachelor with whom Count S—— went to dine, should be seized, after eating a hearty dinner with a violent colic. The pleasure of the day was spoiled; the host was carried to bed, and the guest separated. In consequence of this unexpected attack, the young count returned home about eleven o'clock, and was informed that Emily was gone to spend the evening at captain B's. This intelligence gave him no uneasiness; he walked coolly to and fro, confident that the presence of the captain's wife was a sure pledge, that the bounds of decorum would not be transgressed there. The clock, however, struck one, and no Emily came. Another hour passed, and still she did not return. The count now began to be uneasy. 'What can this mean?' thought he: 'she never stays so late as this.' He counted every minute, and numbered every hour that struck. When he heard a carriage rattling at a distance, he instantly thought, 'That is she;' but still he was disappointed. When he heard footsteps in the street, he cried, 'There she comes;' but still she came not. As long as it was dark he was all ear; not the smallest sound escaped him, and he fancied every one had relation to Emily. Some one knocked at the door of a neighbouring physician. 'Possibly she may have been taken ill,' thought he. It was to him the most terrible, the most tedious of nights, such as the bewildered wanderer alone passes in a dreary forest. He needed only to have sent to inquire the reason of his wife's stay; but that he did not chuse to do. 'I will see,' thought he, 'how far she will carry it: if she knows that I am at home, she will have leisure to devise some excuse or other for her absence, but if she is surprised by the sight of me, she will not have time to prepare herself, and I shall perhaps read upon her glowing cheek the confession of her shame.'

At length it grew light, and now his ears were relieved in their duty by his eyes. As often as he measured the room with hasty step, so often did he stop at the window and look out, not only the way which she was to come, but also that by which she could not possibly be expected. His anxiety increased every minute. He sat down to read, took up a magazine, but though his eyes were stedfastly fixed on the pages, he knew not a word

that they contained. He went to the piano-forte, sounded a chord, but his fingers remained motionless upon the keys. The clock struck six, and his impatience increased to the highest pitch; it struck seven, and he could no longer endure the cruel suspense. 'If the countess comes home,' said he to his valet, 'tell her that I am gone to the coffee-house to breakfast.' This was the *fifth* untruth; for instead of going to the coffee-house, he went straight to captain B's. Laura had passed the night in the same manner as the count; and indeed still worse, for she was sincerely attached to the captain. She had, however, enjoyed one comfort, which is always at the command of women—namely, tears. This the count perceived from her eyes, which were red with weeping—he perceived it and trembled. 'Has any accident happened to my wife?' cried he hastily to Laura.

Laura. I hope not.—*Count.* Is she gone from hence, then?—*Laura.* She left me at half-past three.—*Count.* Did nothing ail her?—*Laura.* O no! nothing at all.—*Count.* And whither was she going?—*Laura.* Home, I suppose.—*Count.* Home! but she has not been there. I have just come from home.—*Laura.* (*in violent agitation*) Well, then I don't know where she can be gone to.—*Count.* Did she go alone?—*Laura.* (*repressing her tears.*) My husband accompanied her.—*Count.* Indeed! And they have been gone three hours and a half? It is very extraordinary!—*Laura* trembled all over. She would fain have given free vent to her tears, but then she would have betrayed her inmost thoughts. The fear of exciting in the count a suspicion, to which he was perhaps yet a stranger, and thereby furnishing occasion for a duel, which might endanger the life of her husband, restrained her. She dissembled as well as she could, while the flame within raged the more furiously. The count was in the same predicament, and yet he determined to remain at Laura's till her husband returned. They agreed to breakfast together. The chocolate was brought in; they raised the cups to their lips, but without drinking; and the toast, which they tried to eat, they were unable to swallow. Never were two persons so constrained and oppressed by each other's society.

To the great alleviation of both, a doctor, to whom I shall give the name of Tattle, came to inquire after the lady's health. He was a polite little man, who was to be seen every where, who knew every thing, and laughed at every thing; in short, a living chronicle of all the scandal of the town, which caused him to be universally considered as an agreeable companion. No sooner did he remark that Laura was absent, and the count reserved, than he exerted all his art to cheer up their spirits, but without success. He felt Laura's pulse. 'Rather feverish, ma-

dam,' said he. 'Very likely,' was the reply—'What ails you?'—'Nothing.'—'Oho! nothing but a pretty whim, an amiable caprice. But do you know,' continued he, with a roguish look, 'that it is in my power to change your whim into earnest?'—'How so?'—'Why—the captain—' 'Well, what of the captain? What has he done?'—'That he best knows himself. For my part, I know no more than that I saw him half an hour ago in the park, not far from the keeper's lodge, and in company with a very handsome and elegant female.'—'Very likely,' rejoined Laura, with a tone designed to denote indifference, but which the glow of her cheeks proved to proceed from a very different sentiment.—'Indeed!' said the count, with an accent intended to express interrogation, but which betrayed the keenest vexation.

Dr. Tattle began to imagine that he had made a discovery, and determined to ascertain the accuracy of his suspicions. 'I hope, madam,' said he, 'that you will know how to take a joke; for though I was not near enough to recognize the lady with whom your husband was walking, still I could perceive that she was perfectly well dressed, and her whole manner showed that she was not of the common order.' This was more than sufficient to aggravate the torments of the count and Laura to the utmost. Anxiety and rage were manifest in every movement. The lips were silent, but quivered convulsively. The doctor perceived that his company was superfluous, and would have retired. At this moment the captain entered. The presence of the doctor, lightly as it weighed, was nevertheless some restraint upon the count. In a tone that was meant for jocose, but that completely failed of its effect, he accosted the captain with, 'What have you done with my wife?' The captain perceived from the count's look, that all was not right; the eyes of his wife betrayed the traces of tears; he conjectured the suspicions of both, and therefore thought it better to say nothing concerning the walk in the park. 'I left Emily,' replied he, 'at her cousin's, who is not well, and wished for her company to breakfast. What has since become of her I don't know.' This was the *sixth* falsehood, and the honest captain could not pronounce it without stammering. The count was silent, though his bosom was convulsed with passion. He coldly took his leave and retired, accompanied by Dr. Tattle. When the captain and Laura were left to themselves, they soon came to a mutual explanation, in which the honest frankness of the former easily overcame all the suspicions of his wife. But he now learned, to his terror, that his walk in the park had been betrayed by Dr. Tattle; he saw what consequences might result from the little deviation from truth which he had inconsiderately

allowed himself. He entreated his wife to hasten to Emily's cousin, to concert with her the means of warning Emily of her danger, and, in particular, to advise her to conceal nothing from her husband. Laura drove immediately to the cousin's. The count had already been there, and had learned, partly from the mistress, and partly from her servants, that Emily had not staid there above half an hour. With this confirmation of his torturing suspicions he had hastily departed. Laura instantly sat down, and wrote the following note:—

‘*Dear Emily,*

‘I am very uneasy on your account. Your husband knows that you were in the park with mine. He is jealous, and I must confess that I was myself not without suspicions. But now, since I have spoken to my husband, I am convinced of your innocence and his. I know how accident has played with you, and am even informed by your cousin how heartily you desired to get rid of his company. I entreat you to be perfectly candid to the count, as my husband has been to me. It is the only way to prevent ill consequences.

Your's,

‘LAURA.’

P. S. To avoid the appearance of any collusion, the bearer of this is directed to say, that he has brought it from your milliner.’

This was the *seventh* apparently innocent lie, to which Laura was induced by the consideration that the count might intercept her note, and then put Emily's frankness to the test, without mentioning any thing of its contents. Emily had meanwhile reached her home, and learned, with consternation, that her husband returned in the evening, and had waited for her all night. She perceived at the first glance the disagreeable nature of her situation. ‘And where is he now?’ cried she hastily. ‘At the coffee-house close by,’ was the reply. Glad to have gained a few moments respite, she strove to muster all her courage; but before she had half accomplished her purpose the count entered. At the first look he imagined that he could read his wife's guilt in her sudden change of colour. His fury was ready to break forth; but with great exertion he repressed it, and with dissembled serenity inquired how and where she had spent the night. ‘At captain B.'s’ said Emily stammering; ‘he was upon guard—Laura wished me to keep her company—the time passed away in reading an interesting book till it was much later than we thought.—The captain returned—and would have accompanied me home—but considering it unbecoming, I alighted at my cousin's.’ Here she broke off, and was silent. ‘Then you are just come from your cousin's?’ said the count, looking sternly at her.

What was Emily to reply? She had stopped in her narrative; but why did she stop?—The confession of the walk would now come too late—the count might imagine that it was extorted by fear—he might wonder why she had suppressed this accident, which perhaps in his eyes might be far from seeming accidental—besides, what risk did she run if she concealed from him this trifle? He had been all the morning at the coffee-house, and of course could not know any thing about it—and if she lost no time in warning her cousin, that they might be both in one story, she might thus avoid a scene of the most disagreeable kind. All these reflections, which flashed across her mind with the rapidity of lightning, induced her to tell the *eighth* lie, and to answer the count's question—whether she was just come from her cousin's—in the affirmative. But her *Yes* was brought out with such hesitation, it so lingered half pronounced upon her lips, and her burning cheek so plainly said, *No*—that the count considered the infidelity of his wife as fully proved. The captain had concealed from him the very same point—and what was more natural than to attribute the circumstance to a concerted arrangement. Having eyed Emily for a moment with a look of supreme contempt, he rushed out of the room. At the door he met a boy bringing Laura's note, and angrily inquired his business. 'Here is a note for the countess,' said the boy. 'From whom?' 'From her milliner.' 'Give it to me. She has something else to do just now than to think of caps and ribbons.'

With these words he snatched the note out of the boy's hand, doubled it up, and put it unopened into his pocket. He then hurried away like a maniac, and proceeded straight to the captain's, where he found nobody at home. He took a card, upon which he wrote these words:—'Count S—— expects captain B—— at the Golden Lion inn, and begs him not to forget his sword.'—The Golden Lion was but a few paces from the captain's residence. Thither the count repaired, desired to be shown into a back room, and ordered a bottle of wine. In about half an hour he rang for a second bottle. It was brought him. The people of the house remarked something extraordinary about him; and the waiter pretended to be busy in the room, that he might have an opportunity of watching his motions. The count sat biting his nails, and spilt as much wine as he poured into his glass. It was a considerable time before he was aware of the presence of the waiter, and as soon as he was sensible of it, he drove him furiously out of the room.

Meanwhile his last look at Emily, full of rage and despair, had plunged the poor creature into the most cruel distress. Impelled by painful apprehensions, she wrote a confused note to

her cousin, and another still more confused to the captain, acquainting both with what had passed, and requesting them to confirm her account, in case her husband should make inquiries of them.—Her cousin, with whom Laura still was, received this note, and learned at the same time the miscarriage of that which had been sent to the countess. Laura trembled, and hastily threw herself into the carriage to return and warn her husband. She came too late. The captain had already received the count's card, as well as the countess's note, and had immediately repaired to the Golden Lion. He asked for the count: and was ushered into the back room. He politely saluted the count, who, without returning his civilities, sprang up and ran to the door, which he locked. He then turned to his antagonist, and with a tone and manner of the most offensive arrogance, addressed him thus:—‘You have assured me, sir, that you have not seen my wife since you left her at her cousin's. I now ask you for the last time: Is that true, or not?’ The captain was not accustomed to this kind of interrogatory. He grew warm, and replied, ‘Sir, when *I* assert a thing, *you* have no right to doubt it.’ Thus by a *ninth* untruth he confirmed all the preceding ones. The consequence was, that the count furiously drew his sword, rushed upon him, and in a few minutes extended him, by a mortal wound in the breast, upon the floor. The people of the house, alarmed by the clashing of the swords, burst open the door; but it was too late. The captain was found wallowing in his blood. They seized the count, and sent for a surgeon. The captain felt that he had but a short time to live. He entreated all present to leave him for a moment alone with his adversary. The request of a dying man has irresistible power. All withdrew, and posted themselves on the outside of the door, to prevent the escape of the count. The latter was completely himself again. The sight of the captain's blood had cooled his rage and appeased his animosity. He fixed his eyes with deep emotion and pity upon his wounded antagonist, who, with a faint voice, begged him to kneel down beside him, that he might hear his expiring words. ‘I am dying,’ said he—‘believe the assurance of one who is on the brink of the grave. Your wife is innocent—and so am I—I forgive you—(pressing his hand.)—Hasten from this place—be a protector to my wife, and a father to my unborn infant.—Fly (pointing to the window which stood open)—lose no time—away! away!’

He could say no more. The death-rattle nearly stifled his last words. The count retained scarcely so much presence of mind as to be able to follow the advice of his dying friend. He leaped out of the window into the yard, and slipping out by a back door, threw himself into a hackney coach and escaped.

Absorbed in profound stupor, he reached the frontiers. There chance decreed that Laura's note, which had remained forgotten in his pocket, should fall into his hands. It contained the confirmation of the innocence of his wife.

He wrote a letter to Emily, which evidently bespoke the derangement of his senses. He bade adieu to her for ever, and the unfortunate man has not been heard of since. The effect of the catastrophe upon Laura was a premature delivery, and for a long time her recovery was despaired of. Emily wept day and night by the bed-side of her friend. That is the lady in the summer-house, who, lost in gloomy reverie, is tracing letters in the sand; and her pale companion, in deep mourning, whose tears never cease to flow, is Laura.

Thus did nine trivial and apparently innocent untruths, cost an excellent man his life, and plunge three estimable persons into inexpressible misery.

ART. VI.—*The Plate Warmer: A Poem.* By the Right Honourable John Philpot Curran.—From the New Monthly Magazine.

OF this jeu d'esprit (says the editor of the work from which we extract the curious article,) from the pen of one of the most distinguished living ornaments of Ireland, incorrect copies have been circulated in that country. It has not to our knowledge appeared in any English publication; and we have therefore transferred it, as correctly given in a late number of Carrick's Morning Chronicle.' We have been considerably puzzled to discover the real object of this poem; and indeed we suspect it has no object at all,—except it be to travestie the Homeric mythology. It is somewhat curious that the 'cloud-compelling' thunderer of Ireland, who has made no noise at all for so many years, should at length break silence in a ludicrous hudibrastic poem. Perhaps, however, it was an effusion of his youth;—and yet the poem appears to have originated in a mind thoroughly matured in classical learning. We shall copy the whole; for it is all worth reading.

IN days of yore, when mighty Jove,
His queen except, ruled all above,
He sometimes chanced abroad to roam
For comforts, often missed at home!
For Juno, tho' a loving wife,
Yet loved the din of household strife;
Like her own peacocks proud and shrill,
She forced him oft, against his will,
Hen-pecked and over-matched to fly,
Leaving her empress of the sky;
And hoping on our earth to find
Some fair less vocal and more kind.
But soon the sire of men and gods
Grew weary of our low abodes;
Tired with his calendar of saints,
Their squalling loves, their dire complaints;

For queens themselves, when queens are frail,
And forced for justest cause to rail,
To find themselves at last betrayed,
Will scold just like a lady's maid;
And thus poor Jove again is driven,
Oh sad resource! to go to heaven.
Downcast, and surfeited with freaks,
The crop-sick thunderer upward sneaks,
More like a loser than a winner,
And almost like an earthly sinner;
Half quenched the lustre of his eyes;
And lank the curl that shakes the skies;
His doublet buttoned to his chin,
Hides the torn tucker folded in.
Scaree well resolved to go or stay,
He onward takes his lingering way:

For well he knows the bed of roses
 On which great Juno's mate reposes.
 At length to heaven's high portal come—
 No smile, no squeeze, no welcome home—
 With nose up tossed and bitter sneer
 She scowls upon her partner dear;
 From morn till noon, from noon to night,
 'Twas still a lecture to the wight;
 And yet the morning, sooth to say,
 Was far the mildest of the day:
 For in those regions of the sky
 The goddesses are rather shy
 To beard the nipping early airs,
 And, therefore, come not soon down stairs;
 But snugly wrapped, sit up and read,
 Or take their chocolate in bed.
 So Jove his breakfast took in quiet,
 Looks there might be, but yet no riot;
 And had good store of list'ners come,
 It might have been no silent room;
 But she, like our theatric wenches,
 Loved not to play to empty benches.
 Her brows close met in hostile form,
 She heaves the symptoms of the storm:
 But yet the storm itself repressed,
 Labours prelusive in her breast;—
 Reserved as music, for that hour
 When ev'ry male and female power
 Should crowd the festive board around,
 With nectar or ambrosia crowned;
 In wreathed smiles and garlands dressed,
 With Jove to share the gen'rous feast:—
 'Twas then the snowy-elbow'd queen
 Drew forth the stores of rage and spleen;
 'Twas then the gathered storm she sped,
 Full levelled at the thunderer's head.
 In descant dire she chanted o'er
 The tale so often told before—
 His graceless gambols here on earth,
 The secret meeting, secret birth;
 His country freaks in dells and valleys,
 In town, o'er strands, and Cranbourne alleys,
 Here lifts his burglar hand the latch—
 There scrambles through a peasant's thatch;
 When such a prowling fox gets loose,
 What honest man can keep his goose?
 Nor was the Theban feat untold,
 'Trinoctial feat, so famed of old;
 When night, the pandar vigil kept,
 And Phœbus snor'd as if he slept;
 And then Europa, hateful name!
 A god, a bull! Oh fie—for shame!
 When vagrant love can cost so dear,
 No wonder we've no nurs'ry here!
 No wonder, when imperial Jove
 Can meanly hunt each paltry love;
 Sometimes on land, sometimes on water,
 With this man's wife, and that man's daughter:
 If I must wear a matron willow,
 And lonely press a barren pillow.
 When Leda, too, thought fit to wander,
 She found her paramour a gander:—
 And did his godship mount the nest?
 And take his turn to hatch and rest?
 And did he purvey for their food,
 And mince it for the odious brood?—
 The eagle winked, and drooped his wing,
 Scarce to the dusky bolt could cling,
 And look'd as if he thought his lord
 A captain with a wooden sword;
 While Juno's bird displayed on high
 The thousand eyes of jealousy.
 Hermes looked arch, and Venus leered,
 Minerva bridd'd, Momus sneered;
 Poor Hebe trembled, simple lass!
 And spilt the wine and broke the glass.
 Jove felt the weather rather rough,
 And thought long since't had blown enough.
 His knife and fork unused were crossed,
 His temper and his dinner lost;

For ere the vesper peal was done
 The viands were as cold as stone.
 This Venus saw, and grieved to see;
 For though she thought Jove rather free,
 Yet at his idle pranks she smiled,
 As wand'rings of a heart beguiled;
 Nor wondered if astray he run,
 For well she knew her 'scape grace son,
 And who can hope his way to find,
 When blind, and guided by the blind?
 Her finger to her brow she brought,
 And gently touched the source of thought,
 The unseen fountain of the brain,
 Where fancy breeds her shadowy train:
 The vows that ever are to last,
 But wither ere the lip they've past;
 The secret hope, the secret fear
 That heaves the sigh or prompts the tear;
 The ready turn, the quick disguise,
 That cheats the lover's watchful eyes.
 So from the rock, the sorcerer's wand
 The gushing waters can command;
 So quickly started from her mind
 The lucky thought she wished to find.

Her mantle round her then she threw,
 Of twilight made, of modest hue;
 The warp by mother night was spun,
 And shot athwart with beams of sun;
 But beams first drawn thro' murky air,
 To sponge the gloss and dim the glare.
 Thus gifted with a double charm,
 Like love, 'twas secret, and 'twas warm:
 It was the very same she wore
 On Simois' banks, when, long before,
 The sage Anchises formed the plan
 Of that so brave and godly man,
 Whose fame o'ertop'd the topmast star,
 For arts of peace and deeds of war;
 So fam'd for fighting and for praying,
 For courting warm, and cool betraying;
 Who showed poor Dido, all on fire,
 That Cyprus was not far from Tyre;
 The founder of Hesperia's hopes—
 Sire of her demi-gods and popes.
 And now her car the Paphian queen
 Ascends—her car of sea-bright green.
 Her graces *slim* with golden locks
 Sits smiling on the dicky box:
 While Cupid wantons with a sparrow,
 That perched upon the urchin's arrow.
 She gives the word, and through the sky,
 Her doves th' according pinions ply,
 As bounding thought, as glancing light,
 So swift they wing their giddy night;
 They pass the Wain, they pass the Sun;
 The Comet's burning train they shun:
 Lightly they skim th' Ægean vast,
 And touch the Lemnian Isle at last.
 Here Venus checks her winged speed,
 And sets them free to rest or feed;
 She bids her Graces sport the while,
 Or pick sweet posies round the Isle;
 But cautions them against mishaps,
 For Lemnos is the isle of traps.
 'Beware the lure of vulgar toys,
 And fly from bulls and shepherd boys.'

A cloud of smoke that climbs the sky,
 Bespeaks the forge of Vulcan nigh;
 Thither her way the Goddess bends,
 Her darkling son her steps attends:
 Led by the sigh that Zephyr breathes,
 When round her roseate neck he wreathes,
 The plastic God of Fire is found;
 His various labours scattered round:—
 Unfinished bars, and bolts, and portals,
 Cages for Gods, and chains for mortals.
 'Twas iron work upon commission,
 For a Romance's first edition.

* Fama super æthera.

Soon as the beauteous queen he spied,
 A sting of love, a sting of pride,
 A pang of shame, of faith betray'd,
 By turns his lab'ring breast invade;
 But Venus quelled them with a smile,
 That might a wiser God beguile:
 'Twas mixed with shame, 'twas mixed with love,
 To mix it with a blush she strove.
 With hobbling step he comes to greet
 The faithless guest with welcome meet.
 Pyraemon saw the vanquished God
 And gives to Steropes the nod;
 He winks to Brontes as to say,
 We may be just as well away:
 'They've got some iron in the fire,
 So all three modestly retire.
 'And now, sweet Venus, tell,' he cries,
 'What cause has brought thee from the skies?
 Why leave the seats of mighty Jove?
 Alas! I fear it was not love.
 What claim to love could Vulcan boast,
 An outcast on an exile coast;
 Condemned, in this sequester'd isle,
 To sink beneath unseemly toil?
 'Tis not for me to lead the war,
 Or guide the day's refulgent car;
 'Tis not for me the dance to twine;
 'Tis not for me to count the nine;
 No vision whispers to my dream;
 No muse inspires my wakeful theme;
 No string responsive to my art,
 Gives the sweet note that thrills the heart:
 The present is with gloom o'ercast,
 And sadness feeds upon the past.
 Say, then; for ah! it can't be love,
 What cause has brought thee from above?'
 So spoke the God, in jealous mood,
 The wily goddess thus pursued:—
 'And can'st thou, Vulcan, thus decline
 The meeds of praise so justly thine?
 To whom, the fav'rite son of heav'n,
 The mystic powers of fire are giv'n;
 That fire that feeds the star of night,
 And fills the solar beam with light;
 That bids the stream of life to glow
 Through air, o'er earth, in depths below:
 Thou deignest not to court the nine,
 Nor yet the mazy dance to twine;—
 But these light gifts of verse and song,
 To humbler natures must belong:
 Behold yon oak, that seems to reign
 The monarch of the subject plain;
 No flowers beneath his arms are found,
 To bloom, and fling their fragrance round:
 Abashed, in his o'erwhelming shade
 Their scents must die, their leaves must fade.
 Thou dost not love thro' wastes of war
 Headlong to drive th' ensanguined car,
 And sweep whole millions to the grave;—
 Thine is the nobler art to save.
 Formed by thy hand the tempered shield
 Safe brings the warrior from the field;
 Ah! could'st thou then the mother see;
 Her ev'ry thought attached to thee!
 Not the light love that lives a day,
 Which its own sighs can blow away—
 But fixed and fervent in her breast,
 The wish to make the bleaser blessed.
 Then give thy splendid lot its due,
 And view thyself as others view.
 Great sure thou art, when from above
 I come a suppliant for Jove;
 For Jove himself laments like thee
 To find no fate from suff'ring free.
 Dire is the strife when Juno rails,
 And fierce the din his ear assails;
 In vain the festive board is crowned,
 No joys at that sad board are found;
 And when the storm is spent at last,
 The dinner's cold, and Jove must fast.

Could'st thou not then, with skill divine,
 For ev'ry cunning art is thine,
 Contrive some spring—some potent chain,
 That might an angry tongue restrain?
 Or find, at least, some mystic charm,
 To keep the suff'rer's viands warm?
 Should great success thy toils befriend,
 What glory must the deed attend!
 What joy thro' all the realms above—
 What high rewards from grateful Jove!
 How blessed! could I behold thee rise
 To thy lost station in the skies; [thought
 How sweet! should vows, thou may'st have
 Or lightly kept or soon forgot,
 Which wayward fates had seemed to sever,
 Their knots re-tie, and bind for ever!
 She said, and sighed or seemed to sigh,
 And downward cast her conscious eye,
 To leave the God more free to gaze;—
 Who can withstand the voice of praise!
 By beauty charmed, by flatt'ry won,
 Each doubt, each jealous fear is gone;
 No more was bow'd his anxious head,
 His heart was cheered, he smiled, and said;
 'And could'st thou vainly hope to find
 A power the female tongue to bind?
 Sweet friend! 'twere easier far to drain,
 The waters from th' unruly main,
 Or quench the stars, or bid the sun
 No more his destined courses run.
 By laws, as old as earth or ocean,
 That tongue has a perpetual motion,
 Which marks the longitude of speech;
 To curb its force no power can reach;
 Its privilege is raised above
 The sceptre of imperial Jove.
 Thine other wish, some mystic charm
 To keep the suff'ers viands warm,
 I know no interdiction of fate,
 Which says that art mayn't warm a plate.
 The model, too, I've got for that,
 I take it from thy gipsy hat;
 I saw thee thinking o'er the past,
 I saw thine eye-beam upward cast,
 I saw the concave catch the ray,
 And turn its course another way,
 Reflected back upon thy cheek,
 It glowed upon the dimple sleek.'
 The willing task was soon begun,
 And soon the grateful labour done.
 The ore, obedient to his hand,
 Assumes a shape at his command:
 The tripod base stands firm below,
 The burnished sides ascending grow;
 Divisions apt th' interior bound,
 With vaulted roof the top is crowned.
 The artist, amorous and vain,
 Delights the structure to explain:
 To show how rays converging meet.
 And light is gathered into heat.
 Within its verge he flings a rose,
 Behold how fresh and fair it glows;
 O'erpowered by heat now see it waste.
 Like vanished love, its fragrance past!
 Pleased with the gift, the Paphian queen
 Remounts her car of sea-bright green.
 The gloomy God desponding sighs,
 To see her car ascend the skies,
 And strains its lessening form to trace,
 'Till sight is lost in misty space;
 Then sullen yields his clouded brain,
 To converse with habitual pain.
 The Goddess now arrived above,
 Displays the shining gift of love,
 And shows fair Hebe how to lay
 The plates of gold in order gay.
 The Gods and Goddesses admire
 The labour of the God of fire,
 And give it a high-sounding name,
 Such as might hand it down to fame

If 'twere to us, weak mortals, given
 To know the names of things in Heaven.
 But on our sublunary earth
 We have no words of noble birth;
 And even our bards, in loftiest lays,
 Must use the populace of phrase.
 However called it may have been,
 For many a circling year 'twas seen
 To glitter at each rich repast,
 As long as Heaven was doomed to last.
 But faithless lord, and angry wife—
 Repeated faults; rekindled strife—
 Abandoned all domestic cares—
 To ruin sunk their scorn'd affairs:
 Th' immortals quit the troubled sky,
 And down for rest and shelter fly.
 Some seek the plains, and some the woods,
 And some the brink of foaming floods:
 Venus, from grief religious grown,
 Endows a meeting-house in town;
 And Hermes fills the shop next door
 With drugs far brought, a healthful store!
 What fate the Graces fair befel,
 The Muse has learned, but will not tell.
 To try and make afflictions sweeter,
 Momus descends and lives with Peter,*
 Tho' scarcely seen the external ray,
 With Peter all within was day:
 For there the lamp, by nature given,
 Was fed with sacred oil from Heaven.
 Condemned a learned rod to rule,
 Minerva keeps a Sunday school.
 With happier lot the God of day,
 To Brighton wins his minstrel way;
 There come, a master-touch he flings,
 With flying hand across the strings;
 Sweet flow the accents soft and clear,
 And strike upon a kindred ear.
 Admitted soon a welcome guest,
 The God partakes the royal feast;
 Pleased to escape the vulgar throng,
 And find a judge of sense and song.

* Dr. Walcott, better known as Peter Pindar.

Meantime from Jove's high tenement,
 To auction every thing is sent.
 Oh grief! to auction here below!—
 The gazing crowd admire the show;
 Celestial beds, imperial screens,
 Busts, pictures, lustres, bright tureens.
 With kindling zeal the bidders vie,
 The dupe is spurred by puffer sly;
 And many a splendid prize, knocked down,
 Is sent to many a part of town,
 But all that's most divinely great,
 Is borne to ———'s in ——— street.
 Th' enraptured owner loves to trace
 Each prototype of heavenly grace;
 In every utensil can find,
 Expression, gesture, action, mind,
 Now burns with gen'rous zeal to teach
 That love which he alone could reach;
 And gets, lest pigmy words might flag,
 A glossary from Brobdignag:
 To preach in prose or chant in rhyme,
 Of furniture the true sublime;
 And teach the ravished world the rules
 For casting pans, and building stools.
 Poor Vulcan's gift among the rest,
 Is sold and decks a mortal feast.
 Bought by a goodly Alderman,
 Who loved his plate and loved his can,
 And when the feast his worship slew,
 His lady sold it to a Jew.
 From him by various chances cast,
 Long time from hand to hand it past;—
 To tell them all would but prolong
 The ling'ring of a tiresome song;
 Yet still it looked as good as new,
 The wearing proved the fabric true.
 Now mine, perhaps, by Fate's decree,
 Dear Lady R——, I send it thee.
 And when the giver's days are told,
 And when his ashes shall be cold,
 May it retain its pristine charm,
 And keep with thee his mem'ry warm!

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- ART. VII.—1. *An Essay on Provident or Parish Banks, &c.* By Barber Beaumont, Esq. F.A.S. Managing Director of the Provident Institution and County Fire Office, and one of his majesty's justices of the peace for Middlesex. 8vo. pp. 70. Cadell and Davies. 1816.
2. *An Essay on the Nature and Advantages of Parish Banks for the Savings of the Industrious, &c.* By the Rev. Henry Duncan. Ruthwell. 8vo. pp. 115. 2s. Edinburgh, Oliphant and Co.; London, Hatchard. 1816.
3. *A Plan for a County Provident Bank, &c.* By Edward Christian, of Gray's Inn, Esq. Barrister, Professor of the Laws of England, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 88. Clarke and Son.
4. *Reasons for the Establishment of Saving Banks, with a Word of Caution respecting their Formation.* 12mo. pp. 28. 6d. Richardson.—From the Monthly Review.

A NEW undertaking seldom acquires at once all the simplicity of which it is susceptible; for it is a curious fact that we find it a matter of much greater time and difficulty to disen-

tangle a plan from superfluous accompaniments, than to form the first conception of it, or to sketch its fundamental outlines. The Bank of England itself was encumbered, for many years after the grant of its charter, with schemes of advancing money on the deposit of goods, and with a vain attempt to mix the business of a mercantile with that of a money establishment. In the present instance, some errors of a similar kind have occurred, first in the case of the undertaking called the London Provident Institution, and next in the first parish-bank founded by the Rev. H. Duncan of Ruthwell in Scotland: but the degree of inconvenience resulting from either has been trifling; and we may now consider ourselves as having attained, in the Edinburgh savings-banks, a plan of almost as great simplicity as the object can well admit.

I. We shall proceed, then, without farther preamble, to pass in review the different tracts; beginning with that of Mr. Beaumont, who has a title to precedence on more grounds than one. He was the person who in 1806 projected the Provident Institution in our metropolis, calculated its tables, and conducted its affairs from the outset; and he commences his pamphlet with a short notice of the attempts made in former years to introduce such establishments by act of parliament. After having recapitulated the regulations of the institution just mentioned, he explains those of the parish-bank of Ruthwell in Scotland, which dates from 1810, and was one of the earliest models of those repositories that have of late engaged such general attention:—next, he takes notice of a similar association, on a somewhat different plan, founded two years ago at Edinburgh;—after which we have the regulations of the Provident Institution of Bath, and of a corresponding establishment at Southampton.

‘This brief history of institutions for rendering early savings available for the supply of future wants would be very incomplete, if it were not to take notice of a description of provision against casualties, and for old age, of a very comprehensive nature, and most extensive application, viz. Friendly or Benefit Societies. These societies, extending to every town in Great Britain, and abounding in every quarter of the metropolis, propose to indemnify the early economist against almost every ill that can happen to his corporeal existence; and to anticipate every want to the supply of which his early savings are applicable. In these societies not only are the visitations of ill health, and the pressure of old age provided for, but relief is frequently offered in cases of insolvency—when in want of work—on accidents by fire—to provide substitutes if drawn for the militia—on the birth of a child—or the decease of any part of the member’s family. Various acts of parliament have given encouragement to these societies: and

a bill that was passed in 1793 endows them with a preference, before any other creditor, against their trustees and officers—it also exempts them from stamp duties and court fees in their legal proceedings, and supplies them with expeditious and cheap means of settling disputes.’

‘It is only to be lamented, that such a good disposition in the people, and such beneficent provisions in the legislature, should be used by the artful as the means of foisting impositions upon the deserving persons intended to be made secure. *Benefit Clubs in the metropolis* are, it is believed, with a very few exceptions, cheats upon the unwary—their benefit is chiefly to the publican at whose house they are set up, and to the secretary, their contriver, who is usually some broken adventurer. For the most part, the contributions are not a third part of what is necessary to realize the promised advantages—and the secretaries, some of whom manage twenty different clubs, seem to be under no other restraint in outbidding each other in the advantages they promise, than the necessary caution not to overstrain the credulity of their subscribers. Consisting at first of the young and healthful, the members are all payers-in—and the fund continuing to improve for a time, persons unused to consider subjects of this kind are delighted with the prospect, and think it must last for ever; but when from being young and healthy payers-in, they become sickly and aged drawers-out, the scene presently changes. Hence most of the clubs are exhausted in fifteen or twenty years, and very few indeed reach to the age of thirty years, when those who have been many years members reap no other fruit from their life-long industry and frugality, than grievous disappointment. These continual falsifications of the just hopes of the frugally disposed are not more cruel to the sufferers themselves, than they are prejudicial to the cause of industry and frugality in others. Many, desirous of saving part of the earnings, and applying them to their future wants, seeing these failures of these clubs, give up their object in despair, and spend the sums they would otherwise save, in present enjoyment.’

The trouble of corresponding, and the risk incurred through the neglect or defalcation of agents, soon made it necessary to stop the receipt of small savings in the country, and to confine it to London; the management of the latter at the office was found scarcely compatible with the other business of the concern; and the number of subscribers was very limited, because the repayment of the money took place not (as in the case of the lately established savings-banks) on the demand of the owner, but only in the shape of an annuity in old age. The intention was to make the poor lay by a provision for advanced years: but this, however well meant, was not found suitable to their circumstances; since the time, at which a married man is most likely to need an extra-supply, is generally that of middle-life, viz. when his children have begun to be expensive to him with-

out being yet able to do any thing for their own support. In advanced years,

‘When this period is passed by—when his children’s labour is sufficient for their support, and his wife who is at liberty to work for her livelihood, his condition then re-approaches to the independence of a single man, and if his diminished bodily powers cause his earnings to be at that period curtailed—his subdued desires, on the other hand, free him from many expenses which the habits of youth made necessary; so that, if he continues to enjoy the blessing of health, the labour of old age for many years will supply its wants. It is, therefore, not quite reasonable that a young man *should sink* his savings to procure an independence in an old age which he may not live to enjoy; and overlook the probability of such savings being wanted to supply food for an infant family, or the expenses of the sick bed.’

The savings-banks now established leave it in general to the contributor to withdraw the money at his option; and they are seldom liable to any other objection than that of too great a complexity in their arrangements, arising from a solicitude on the part of the directors to act as guardians to their humble neighbours.

‘Be it ever remembered, that *the great merit of these Saving Banks is their simplicity*—adhering to the operation of merely *taking care of the working man’s savings*, be they much or little—*improving them at good interest—and returning them whenever demanded*—the management will be easy and without expense; but enter into complex machinery, and all the reverse effects will follow. The perfect freedom, convenience, and cheapness of these banks, at once compose their attraction, and their great utility. Bind the depositors to stated periodical payments, and speculate on contingent benefits, and this very promising plan of economy will evaporate into the cloud of plausible but erroneous schemes, which daily win the complaisance of the charitable, but which soon disappoint their expectations and sink into oblivion.

‘The plan of the *Edinburgh bank* is the *best* of all in the north, because it is the most simple; it professes to do but little, but it does that little well.—In various other parts of England, and also in Ireland, similar institutions have lately been proposed, and announced under high patronage and munificent support; indeed the best feelings appear to have been kindled toward the subject.’

‘That they may not end in disappointment, the writer of this essay has been induced to take up his pen, and submit to the public the result of his experience.—The best advice then that he can give to the opulent and beneficent is, to be the *interest bankers* for the poor in their respective neighbourhoods,—and there to stop. In that way they may do more for the good of working people, than by any other act of general kindness.—The chief caution necessary is not to spoil this simple machine by im-

provements. Almost every place of deposit for savings that has been lately announced has had something new thrown in—a combination of several districts, with a central seat of management—impediments against the deposits being withdrawn, lest they should be wasted—optional annuities—an actuary or secretary, to be elected, with a certain salary, before it is seen whether any *adequate* employment will arise—and lastly, a *large subscription* from among the rich and charitable. All these things, it is submitted, are unnecessary. A combination of several townships, with a central seat of directors, can seldom be of use; for *if proper persons*, in each town, are *willing to receive the weekly amounts of deposits*, and *pay interest*, no combination of places can do more; but they must do *less*, by creating useless correspondence, interference, and delays. Interest banks are best managed in their *separate localities*. All regulations for suspending the freedom of paying in, and drawing out, are essentially bad.—It is now ten years since the author projected the *Bank for Savings*, of the Provident Institution; but being encumbered with restrictions and scientific calculations, after several years unsuccessful trial it was given up: experience has now stript the plan of every thing but the simple process of receiving, improving, and paying, and it thrives beyond expectation.—It is the great object of the banks for savings to *reclaim* the working class from their *present habit of relying on the helping hand of others* in their *difficulties*, and to teach them to *depend only on the natural support of their own industry and prudence*.

‘Impressed with these considerations, the author has exerted himself lately to establish a ‘Provident Bank’ in his own parish, St. Paul’s, Covent Garden, and he has the satisfaction to see that it has every prospect of doing well. Indeed the alacrity, with which the benefit has been embraced, confirms him in the belief, that the wanderings of the lower class are, in a great measure, attributable to the want of plain and convenient ways for the exercise of prudence. In the course of an hour after the books were opened, fifty-seven persons had deposited savings to the amount of upwards of *seventy pounds*.’

It is much to be lamented that the plan of savings-banks was not adopted ten or twelve years ago, because in that interval the lower orders could have availed themselves of them to a much greater extent than they can under the present circumstances of reduced wages and deficient employment.

‘It is a curious fact, that in places where the labouring class have *highest wages*, the inhabitants are encumbered with the *highest poor-rates*. The following extract of a letter which I have received from an esteemed friend, who has considerable estates at Coventry, shows the existence of the evil in that city in a striking point of view. It is believed that similar conduct prevails in most manufacturing districts.’

“ In reply to your favour of yesterday, respecting the improvident conduct of the *Women Ribbon Weavers* at Coventry, I understand for at least six months last year they were (when they liked to pay attention to their work) in the habit of gaining about three pounds per week. Very few of them, I believe, worked more than *four days a week*, and the manufacturers were obliged to give them such work as they liked, or they would not do any. A respectable butcher informed me that he could not sell legs of mutton but at a very reduced price, as the weavers would not purchase any thing but ducks, geese, fowls, &c. which they dressed most evenings for supper. The drapers, &c. had not any thing sufficiently good in their shops, but were obliged to send to London for the best silks, &c. to please the ladies. The *first or second week* after trade became bad, they in general *pawn their fine dresses*, and afterwards *apply to the parish for relief*; the *poor-rates* have, in some instances, been *double the rental of the houses*.”

II. *Mr. Duncan on Parish-banks.*—The reverend author of this pamphlet enters at considerable length into an historical sketch of these institutions, and explains with great clearness the points in which they differ from the old established associations under the name of ‘benefit-clubs,’ or ‘friendly societies.’ The latter, though generally praise-worthy in their motives, were founded on such erroneous calculations, that they frequently left an inadequacy of funds at the time when the advanced years of the original subscribers rendered assistance most necessary. Still Mr. D. is so far from being exclusively attached to the new establishments, and so convinced of the expediency of providing for particular contingencies of distress arising from old age and sickness, that he dedicates a section (p. 47.) to the method of uniting the parish bank system with that of friendly societies; and it is in this solicitude to combine a variety of objects, and to provide for them by a multiplicity of regulations, that he differs from other advocates of savings-banks, particularly from Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Christian, and the managers of the Edinburgh association.

The progress of these institutions has been more rapid in Scotland than in the other parts of the United Kingdom; the general steadiness there of the lower orders, the intimate connexion subsisting between a clergyman and his flock, but, in particular, the absence of poor-rates, having all concurred to accelerate the adoption of this most beneficial arrangement. The principal of the university of Edinburgh (Dr. Baird) has been indefatigable in the cause; and it has lately derived a most efficient patronage from being taken up by the numerous body of gentlemen who are known by the denomination of the Highland-Society, but who are in fact occupied with questions of in-

terest to Scotland at large. Mr. D. has subjoined to his pamphlet, by way of example to other associations, the rules of the Dumfries parish-bank, following it up with a notice of other institutions, as well as with some very useful calculations. He records, likewise, several affecting anecdotes of the pleasing results of early prudence in the lower orders, consequent on the exhortation of their superiors and on the facilities afforded by the institution in question. It is only to be regretted that his pamphlet is composed in a diffuse style, and that he aims too much at system and modification in a matter of which the essence consists in brevity and simplicity.

III. Mr. Christian's pamphlet consists chiefly of a recapitulation of the plans of the principal establishments of this nature that have been already formed. He begins with the Provident Institution of Bath; which he has no hesitation in pronouncing to be founded on a basis that cannot last, because it will require the aid of constant charitable contributions, and because the promise of a *bonus* or premium at the end of the five years must be altogether illusory. The regulations of the Southampton Provident Institution are next discussed, and treated with as little ceremony. In the third place, Mr. C. passes under review the suggestions of Mr. Twiss, a barrister, who has lately published on this subject, which he is disposed to approve in the main: but, in discussing the merits of Mr. Beaumont's plan, he is struck with the serious objection that occurred to us with regard to lodging deposits in the hands of individuals, however apparently respectable. The regulations of the Hertfordshire savings-bank are next investigated, but pronounced to be inferior in simplicity and in judgment to those of the Edinburgh-bank. The pamphlet concludes with a few directions (pp. 75. *et seqq.*) which Mr. C. considers as indispensable to every institution of the kind.

IV. We are now to wind up our report with a notice of the little tract under the title of *Reasons for the Establishment of Savings-banks*. It differs from the preceding works in containing, not the scheme of any particular foundation, but some general reasoning in recommendation of the institution at large; and we have seldom met with more truth in a short compass than in this cheap and modest essay, the chief (and *rare*) objection to which arises from its too great brevity, and the obscurity in which it is likely to remain from the writer not venturing into a comprehensive view of the subject. The sufferings of the lower class proceed, he says, in a great measure from their improvidence in youth.

'All the labouring classes are subject to great inequalities. At some periods they enjoy a surplus, at others they experience

a deficiency. In youth, in health, in celibacy, in summer, their earnings are more than adequate to their exigencies. In age, in sickness, when surrounded with a young family, and often in winter, the case is sometimes unhappily reversed, and they are then frequently sore pressed with difficulty. The misfortune is, that in the sunshine of prosperity they make no provision against the rainy season of adversity, which, consequently, finds them destitute and dependent. Those surplus earnings, which, if carefully saved, might have secured them against want, are all consumed; and they have no other resource but charitable aid or parochial relief. In all this, however, they are objects rather of pity than of blame. They have no place where they may deposit, in safety, their surplus earnings. The fastenings of their humble dwellings afford no security against depredation. Their little hoards serve only to expose them to personal danger; and the minute streams, furnished by their economy, have no access to any channel of public security.'

The benefit of such institutions is two-fold; first in providing a fund which may eventually be very considerable; and next in improving the conduct, habits, and character of the lower classes. Economy implies temperance and industry,—a disposition to respect ourselves and to value the respect of others. The books of a savings-bank will be a standing memorial of the exemplary habits of individuals: so that the rising generation may, by means of this institution and the late improvements in education, exhibit a practical example of much that our forefathers endeavoured in vain to effect by religious and moral exhortations. Man is a creature of habit; and, unless he can be brought under the influence of good principles, he will often prove too weak to contend with his various temptations. We entreat the particular attention of our readers to an observation of this author, viz. that, great as would be the advantages of savings-banks to the lower classes, those which would accrue to the *higher* would be scarcely less considerable. The comfort and security of the upper orders depend materially on the dispositions and habits of their inferiors, in the capacity of servants and otherwise; while nothing would conduce so much to lessen the enormous and progressively increasing burden of poor-rates, as the success of the institutions now set on foot. We should thus, in process of time, succeed in drying up the main sources of pauperism; after which we may find it practicable to devise some better mode than we have as yet obtained, for affording relief to real objects of charity.

ART. VIII.—*Intelligence in Science, Literature, and the Arts.*

DOMESTIC.

OUR frontispiece requires some explanation. Newhaven is protected from the winds on the north by an amphitheatrical range of hills, which terminate in two perpendicular bluffs called West and East Rocks. Both front to the south; are equidistantly situated, about two miles from the town; the former 400, and the latter 370 feet in height. West Rock is formed by the abrupt termination of the east ridge of the Green Mountains, and presents to the traveller as he passes its base, a very grand and imposing spectacle. It has (as all such rocks should have) a meandering rivulet to lave its foot; and is adorned on the top with a romantic grove of pine trees. But what adds greatly to the romance of the scenery is,—that the rock contains the cave, in which three of the judges of king Charles I. of England,—Whalley, Goffe, and Dixwell,—contrived to secure themselves, till death, from the apprehension of their pursuers. President Stiles, of Yale college, published in 1794 an interesting account of their truly romantic adventures; and we intend to embrace the earliest opportunity of laying before our readers a brief abridgment of his book. In the mean time we can only remark, that the *Judges' Cave* is always mentioned as one of the curiosities of Connecticut, and is among the first objects which a sojourner thinks of visiting.—Our view was taken, we conjecture, at the distance of three or four miles,—and is not, on that account, a very fair copy of the real aspect which the rock presents. The eye so easily takes in a remote object, however great in itself, that the sublimest mountains lose all their grandeur when contemplated at a distance. We may form a correct judgment of its magnitude; but it does not *strike* us with that imposing sense of vastness, which is such an essential constituent of the sublime. When we are at the base even of a perpendicular mountain which is no more than 400 feet high, the necessity of turning the eye so far up impresses us with a very adequate idea of majesty and grandeur;—nor will it be denied by any person who has had occasion to travel on the road at the base of West rock, that the attention is not arrested and absorbed in the contemplation of the precipice that seems almost to depend over his head.

History of the United States, from their first settlement as English Colonies, in 1607, to the year 1808, or the Thirty-Third of their Sovereignty and Independence. By David Ramsay, M. D. continued to the Treaty of Ghent, by S.S. Smith, D.D. and L.L.D. and other Literary Gentlemen. In three volumes. Vol. I. Philadelphia: Published by M. Carey, for the sole benefit of the heirs of the Author. 1816. 3vo. pp. 418.

We have not transcribed this title page with a view to give, at present, a detail of what the volume contains. Every body is acquainted with the unfortunate event which terminated at once the life and the historical career of Dr. Ramsay;—and our design in this notice is merely to contribute our mite towards making it as generally known, that his *History* of the United States is now in the course of publication, and forms almost the only legacy that was left by the author to a family of no less than eight children. The present volume is introduced with a Portrait and a Biography (extracted from our Journal); and its other contents are the Civil History of the United States while they were yet colonies. We hope there is no necessity of appealing to the patriotism of our countrymen in behalf of the only systematic history which has ever been written of the American Republic. We would not be understood to recommend any book solely on this account;—but the powers of Dr. Ramsay are sufficiently known; and we think the circumstances under which his history is published, should form a part of the motives for encouraging the work.

FOREIGN.

ENGLAND.—Mr. D'Israel has in the press a sixth edition of *Curiosities of Literature*, and at the same time will appear an additional third volume, which will be published separately, for the convenience of those who may be desirous of completing their sets. The same author has also nearly ready for press a *History of Men of Genius*, being his *Essay on the Literary Character*, which has been out of print many years, considerably enlarged.

The first volume of a new and very splendid musical work has been just published in Edinburgh, entitled '*Albyn's Antiology, or a National Repository of Original Scotch Music and Vocal Poetry*, principally compiled by Alexander Campbell, Esq. and who has been ably assisted by some of the most eminent poets of the present day, particularly, Scott, Wilson, Boswell, Jamieson, Hogg, &c. who have each contributed several original and beautiful songs, adapted to those ancient and truly interesting melodies: price One Guinea in boards. [*M. Thomas proposes to republish this work without the music.*]

On the 1st of January, 1817, will be published, in London, the First Number of a New Magazine (to be continued quarterly) entitled, the *British Journal and Quarterly Magazine*, embellished with Portraits of Public Characters, Views, &c.

It is reported on the continent—but we have not been able to trace the report to any satisfactory source,—that an Englishman at Smyrna has discovered an ancient Greek manuscript, containing among other things, a new poem of Homer's. That such a thing is not impossible appears from the discovery of Homer's Hymn to Ceres; but who this fortunate individual is, has not yet appeared. One thing, however, we think ourselves warranted in asserting, that there is no Greek poet living, who can pass off a poem of his own for one of Homer's.

FRANCE.—*Finances.*—*The Budget*—a term, by the bye, originally given in derision to lord North's proposals for *Ways and Means*, in the British parliament, at length naturalized among us, and now currently used among the French, and who have borrowed it from us—the budget continues to occupy the calculators of France;—it has given occasion to '*Moral Considerations on the Finances*,' by M. de Levis; and to '*the Spirit of the Budget*, or the Budget of 1816 modified and extended to 1820,' by M. Pellegrini. This is spoken well of; it states the present condition of the finances; and after examining the minister's budget, proposes another, referring to the intervening five years 1816 to 1820. The author is described as a clear headed man.

Seclusion of Women.—From the Chinese language has been translated into the Russian, and from the Russian into the French, a treatise on the *Advantages resulting from the Seclusion of Women, and the inconveniences inseparable from giving them liberty*. It is to be hoped that the Chinese author has adduced good reasons for this custom, which certainly has prevailed in most nations, even the most polished as well as the most barbarous, at different times. On the other hand, good reasons are given for placing the restraints to which the sex ought to submit, rather on their minds than on their persons; and for producing the most powerful effects, rather by the operation of excellent principles implanted, than by the jealousies of perpetual imprisonment. The benefits received by allowing liberty to the female sex, are very reconcileable with the preservation of their own honour and that of their families. Perhaps, however, this treatise may prove extremely *a propos* at Paris, for certainly the intrigues for which French women are so famous, and which they manage with a dexterity unattainable and incredible, by other nations, could not possibly

be conducted, as they conduct them, were the agents and prime movers of them secluded *a la Chinoise*.

New Journal.—A new journal has been started at Paris, under the title of *Le Diable Boiteux*. It professes to be critical and literary; and if it possesses but half the wit and the spirit of observation which distinguish Le Sage's famous novel of the Devil on Two Sticks, it cannot fail of meeting applause and support. It appeared for the first time on the first day of April, and from that date it appears every fifth day: each number contains a sheet and a half.

M. Hacquart has circulated proposals for publishing under the title of *Les Fastes des Bourbons*, a collection of engravings representing acts of beneficence, virtue, and heroism, of the princes of that house. It will extend to 15 folio numbers to be published monthly.

According to a general exposition of the present state of French literature, nearly ready for publication, it appears that the number of authors living at Paris is 4997.

The Marquis de Dangeau, who was a distinguished member of the court of Louis XIV. and died in 1720, was accustomed to note down every circumstance as it happened, and left manuscript memoirs commencing with 1684, and terminating with the year of his death. Madame de Genlis is engaged upon a selection of the most interesting parts of these memoirs, which will speedily be published in four 8vo. volumes.

GERMANY.—Our esteemed correspondent Mr. BOTTIGER of Dresden has furnished us with the following particulars respecting the last book-fair at Leipzig: what must foreigners think of our rage for writing and reading, when they find it stated in the public prints, and correctly too, that the number of new works which appeared at the late Leipzig fair, amounted to 2,523, and which were published by 322 houses! What notions must they entertain of our fondness for music when they learn that 370 new pieces were on the spot, exclusive of many meritorious compositions inserted in the *Musikalische Zeitung* so admirably conducted by Rochlitz at Leipzig! What attention must be paid by us to the subject of elementary instruction, when without any Pestalozzian or Lancasterian system, this single fair has brought us an addition of 110 spelling-books and other works for children! And what a supply must the book-societies and circulating libraries, the number of which throughout all Germany computed at 2,500, have received in 88 new novels and 57 dramatic pieces for the amusement of their supporters! Scarcely ever indeed was there such a bulky catalogue, but on examination its copiousness will be found rather apparent than real. The practice of publishing the most unimportant works in parts is becoming more and more common, and it may be safely affirmed that one fifth of the books here announced as ready, are yet in the press. Of the new editions one half at least must be struck out as being merely furnished with new title pages. Then again what a number of pamphlets, fugitive pieces, cookery-books, collections of receipts, which are little better than waste paper. It is true on the other hand, that many a work of consequence, especially if printed at the expense of the author, never finds its way into the general catalogue. This complaint more particularly applies to works printed in the south of Germany, and especially in the Austrian dominions. It is a matter of serious regret, that the state of the currency and piracy have as it were cut off this empire from all literary traffic with the rest of Germany, where the productions of Austrian genius and talent, made known only through the medium of the ably conducted *Wiener Litteratur Zeitung*, are not to be procured without the greatest difficulty.—*New Monthly Mag.*

Ancient Poems published.—The two most ancient German poems—of the eighth century,—have lately been published at Cassel, for the first time, in their original metre: the subjects are, 1. The Song of Hildebrand and Hadubrand. 2. The Prayer near the White Fountain.

The general catalogue of new works and new editions prepared for the last Leipzig Easter fair, occupies 304 octavo pages. It comprehends 2,523 articles, including music, which are stated to be ready for delivery, and are the productions of 312 houses. Of these firms, 38 are at Leipzig, 27 at Berlin, 14 at Vienna, 11 at Frankfort, 5 at Nurnberg, and 3 at Gottingen. Among the works, 73 are translations from living and dead languages; 352 new editions, and 370 continuations.

SPAIN.—*Progress of Science and Education.*—The king of Spain, who, not long ago, instituted six chairs of professors of the science of agriculture, has subsequently directed his attention to the promotion of the natural and philosophical sciences, as forming the bases of arts and natural industry. The cabinet of natural history, the botanic garden, the museum, the laboratory of chemistry, with the mineralogical school, have been formed into one single and general institution, under the title of the *Museum of Natural Sciences*. Several appropriate chairs have been established on this occasion: in particular, one for zoology and ichthyology; one for reptiles, insects, shells, &c. one for chemistry, mineralogy and botany. In addition to the established professors, an assistant or deputy has been named for each branch of science, for which a chair has been created.—In February last the king of Spain named a junta, charged with the duty of forming a plan for arranging and establishing general education and public instruction. The principal universities of the kingdom, as Salamanca, Valladolid, and Alcala de Henares, have been directed to present, each its own plan, on which, before it is adopted, the junta will take the opinions of the principal universities and literary establishments throughout Europe.—As to elementary books on the subject of theology, canon law, ecclesiastical discipline, the law of nations, and civil law, the junta will be guided by the opinion of certain bishops nominated by the king for this purpose.—All the schools of arts and sciences have been re-established, throughout the kingdom, and those of mineralogy and natural history of Madrid, have resumed their public lectures and course of instruction. The king has farther bestowed donations and endowments on several universities, and is intent on measures calculated to encourage agriculture and commerce in general.

ITALY.—At Milan is published, under the title of *Lo Spettatore*, &c. the Spectator, a work in numbers, containing varieties, historical, literary, critical, political, and moral. It is divided into two parts, an Italian part, and a foreign part. This latter part can hardly fail of introducing into Italy much foreign knowledge, as it consists of analysis of works of value in other countries, with extracts and suitable references.

Antiquities.—Messrs. Rosini, Passetti, and Scotti, at Naples, continue their assiduity in unrolling the MSS. of Herculaneum. Several works which have been transcribed are proceeding at the press. The excavations at Pompeii are advancing with great activity. Since 1806, three hundred men have been labouring at removing the earth, &c. in order to get at the ruins: before that time the number employed was scarcely more than a dozen. A portion of the marble ceilings and beams which have been recovered, have been carried to the gallery of the Royal Museum, and others to the academy of arts as objects of study to the young artists.

Ancient Chronicle Recovered.—The Armenian academy established at Venice, in the island of St. Lazarus, has had the good fortune to discover a manuscript complete of the Chronicle of Eusebus, of Cesarea. It is

translated into the Armenian language, and is of the fifth century. The academy proposes to publish the Armenian text with a Latin translation facing it.

RUSSIA.—It is thought by M. Wormskiold, in consequence of observations made by himself in Greenland, compared with the reports of voyagers into the higher northern latitudes of North America, that the waters of Baffin's Bay, have a communication with the Northern Pacific Ocean, by means of Bering's Straits. To ascertain this, and, if possible, to terminate all further doubts on the question, it is said, is a principal object of the voyage now in progress under C. M. Kotzebec, son of the well-known navigator, of that name; and M. Wormskiold, (who is by birth a Dane) is so thoroughly persuaded of his theory, that he accompanies the expedition in character of naturalist. It will be truly honourable to Russia, should this point be determined under the auspices of her flag.

By order of the minister for public instruction in Russia, Dr. Merkel has been invited to publish a *Journal of Literature and the Arts*, at Petersburg.

GREECE.—*New work publishing in Numbers.*—Two learned Greeks, Messrs. Demeter Schina and Andreas Mustoxydi, propose to publish a periodical Collection of Greek anecdotes, selected from the principal libraries of Europe. They intend to publish every month a number, containing two sheets, to be had of the chaplain Theokletes, at Vienna. The price is one ducat for six sheets.

AUSTRIA.—The Literary Journal of Vienna, formerly edited by Dr. Sartori, is continued with success under the direction of M. Hartmann, as also are the Patriotic Sheets, and the Conservator.—The Historical Archives, including Geography, &c. by M. de Hormayr, is also continued; but the number of original pieces contained in it is now greatly reduced.—The Musical Journal is dropped; but the two Journals of Public Spectacles, the Dramatic Observer, and the Theatrical Gazette are still carried on.—Among the political journals the Austrian Observer, and the Gazette of Vienna, and of Ofen enjoy the most extensive sale.—M. Frint, cure of the chapel in the palace, has begun to publish a Theological Catholic Journal.—M. Andres continues to publish at Bonn, his Hesperus, and his Economic Newspaper, intended to communicate the newest discoveries and all improvements in useful knowledge.—Another journal publishing at Bonn is the Indicator, edited by M. Gurende.—Among the poetical publications, M. Castelli continues his Almanack under the title of Selam; and M. Erickson also continues his Almanack of the Muses. These publications, like most others, are compilations of good, bad, and indifferent: the selection is thought to be in favour of the latter.

In general, the booksellers of Vienna engage in very few novelties or speculations, because, during some years past, the dearness of paper and of workmanship at the press, has obliged them to put prices on their books which are much beyond those at which they can retail works of the same description from abroad.